Slaughter House Cannibal

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Slaughter House Cannibal

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Summary

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Chapter 1

Chapter Summary

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Hannibal walks out into the blinding afternoon light from **Verger' s Slaughterhouse**, bar and grill. He strokes his salt and pepper beard as he fishes in his leather jacket for a lighter and cigarette. Hannibal leans into the door frame of the bar as he lights his vice with tattoo hands decked out with a chunky sliver rings and a leather cuff on his tattoo forearm. A black t shirt that proclaimed *Just kill them all and let God sort 'em out* pulls across his muscular chest. Torn and worn jeans cover powerful thighs, Hannibal is the apex alpha. He is the leader of the biker club the **Stagmen**.

It is a criminal emprire to the local authorities,while those fortunate enough to belong to this brotherhood, they simply live a life by their own laws... which is none. Hannibal likes making his own path with no laws. He is an alpha to be feared and respected. Who wants no complications or ties. He steps down onto the sidewalk as he takes a drag off his cigarette when he suddenly is pushed into the wall of the bar.

An loud growl comes out of his chest as he stumbles before he gets his footing back. He hands goes into a fist ready to attack who ever has the stupidity to start shit they shouldn't have.

Hannibal hears an 'oh shit!', a muffled thump of a body hitting concrete and sound of fluttering. When he looks down his sees a t shirt and jean clad omega on his knees trying to gather brightly colored paper back into a pile. Dark chocolate curls bob as slender fingers grab for errant papers, while a voice grumbles " watch where you're going buddy!"

Hannibal's light eyebrows lift into his dirty blond bangs. A sharp "what!?" Passes his thin lips.

The boy looks up into the surprised and annoyed red eyes of a intimidating alpha above him. The omega blue eyes, behind glass frames that slip down his nose, widen as his full lips stop at the smart ass remark of people watching where they've stepped. Instead he swallows in

embarrassment, blush tinges his cheek and his eyes shift down, as he quickly lowers his head. A mumbled apology crosses his lips as he quickly finishes picking up the flyers.

Instincts were a powerful guiding force, especially in alpha and omega interactions. Will gulps his growing anger into the pit of his stomach becuase he knew better than to argue with a strange biker, let alone a dangerous one. The one standing over him was extremely dangerous. Will bearing his neck is accidental when he had looked up. Keeping it bared was instinctual, then lowering it is a rebellion against his affiliation with his gender.

Hannibal continues watching the rude omega, enjoying the submissive kneel of the other. It strokes all the right alpha buttons. He stoops to pick up a flyer. He reads the announcement of a band playing at the **Slaughterhouse** tomorrow night. The omega doesn't look old enough to be allowed in a bar, let alone in an alpha/beta bar. Omegas were only allowed in with a chaperone to keep unwanted attention away but the whole situation usually devolves into a brawl.

As Hannibal looks at the flyer, Will stands up shuffling the papers into a manageable pile. He clears his throat as he looks at the tattoo on the biker' s neck. He holds out his hand for the flyer. Hannibal smirks as he pulls the flyer to his chest.

"What's your name kid?"

"Umm... Will." He shuffles from foot to foot with his hand still out waiting.

"Is your alpha in this band?"

Will drops his hand and turns his head rolling his eyes. "No. I am the..um..singer. can I have the paper back..please?"

"Unusal for an omega as young as you in a band. What does your alpha think or are you with a beta?"

"I am not with alpha or a beta. Plenty of omegas are in a band, it's not the 19th century you know." Will crosses his arms looking at the alpha' s high cheek bones. Every fucking alpha thought it was their duty..No right..to question an omega. The omega seeths inside, fuming at the audacity of some people.

"You know your tone is very rude." Growls the alpha as he exhales some smoke.

"Well it's rude for someone to ask about your love life when they bump into you on the street. Even ruder not to apologize when it's their fault!" Will snarls before he remembers, he is not talking to some alpha from school.

He finds himself slammed up against the wall by a very irritated large alpha caging him. Both his hands on either side of his head and his body close but not touching Will.

" You are spunky..with a lot of courage..but it makes you foolish. You can talk to alphas of your age that way but never..ever to a full gown alpha. You will find your self disciplined or worse. Do I make myself clear William?"

"Yes..Will." the omega nods his head and ducking it to his chest. His glasses slip down to the end of his nose.

"What?" Growls the alpha

The omega looks at him through his long lashes. The blue eyes that peek over the edge of his glasses, meet the other's red ones briefly. "my name is Will..not William." He whispers

"Well that may be but I will call you William.Mine is Hannibal." Hannibal's nose pulls in Will's scent from the omega' s neck. The omega freezes as an alpha actually touches his neck with his nose.

The fun thing about teenage male omega is no need for suppressants. Suppressants are mainly for birth control and since male omega didn't usually have children there was no need to use them. Teenage male omega's use heat suppressants but they were taken a week before a heat. They use a beta cologne to deter unwanted alpha attention. Luckily for the alpha scenting the frozen omega, Will has sweat most of it off during the day. His natural freshand sweet scent is there lurking underneath fear.

Hannibal's chest rumbles with appreciation which frightens and thrills Will. As soon as he can,he is going to bolt l. He doesn't know why he told the others, he can put these flyers out alone. He is tired of being coddled until reality catches up with him.

The boy whimpers and quickly brings his hand up to his mouth. His eyes widen in embarrassment. Hannibal chuckles and moves in closer shushing the omega from his protests. Will tries to back further into the wall. He closes his eyes briefly and swallows. "Please..." He says taking in a deap breath to calm his pounding heart. The raw alpha pheromones invades his senses. He finds his head cloudy as his body trembles into relaxeation.

Will knows he is in real trouble and he needs to leave immediately. His father is going to discipline if he find out he is not at home. The omega and his father have been fighting more than usual. Will can't wait to make his way to college away from his miserable life. He hears a 'please what? 'whispered close to his ear. He gives an involuntary shudder." I needs to leave"the omega says.

" Please I need to go home" he twists his head away from the alpha's warm breath on his neck.'No no.' reassures Hannibal, "no need to leave, William. " Hannibal can take care of him. He pushes the terrified omega' s glasses back up his nose with an index finger.

Will slides sideways scraping his hands that are pressed against the brick wall, as he slowly opens his eyes. Will sees an opening to run, when he finds Hannibal's large hand is at the bottom of his neck. Will sniffles and whimpers louder as his distress become a more pronounced. He blinks tears away from his eyes too afraid to move.He wonders how he got here with a huge alpha' s hand on his neck. A subtle threat of violence that Will wishes would stop.

Hannibal moves his hand from the frighten omega' s neck to his jaw. A thumb wipes away a tear while his hand twines itself into curls on Will's neck. He needs to calm the omega down

before he lets out an omega cry. Then unwanted attention will come the biker' s way. He pushes out calming pheromones watching the omega relax bit by bit. The alpha takes Will's glasses off his nose and places them on his own head. He wants to see those eyes without an obsticale.

Hannibal sighs then take his lips and brushes an almost parental kiss to Will's temple.The biker believes the rude omega has learned his lesson. He then steps back away from the omega.

Will gasps as his eyes widen in fright, he is looking behind the biker. "What the fuck is goin' on here?" Another alpha growls.

Hannibal turns his head looking over his shoulder he sees an older alpha about a couple inches shorter. He has curls like the omega but brown eyes.The alpha smells like alcohol and motor oil. His hands and nails look permentaly stained with the black grease. He has jeans and blue uniform shirt with the name Ed Graham stitch in red.

Will looks at his father and his mouth goes dry. He knows he is going to get in big trouble now and a beating for this. "Dad!" He says looking between his father and the dangerous alpha in front of him. He prays his father doesn't get in a fight tonight.

"What the fuck are you doing here? Are you laying out of school and slutin' around boy." The older alpha points at Will.

"No Dad! School is out at this time! I was putting up flyers for the band.."

"That god damn band! I told you to stop fucking around with that and go straight home! You are nothin but trouble just like that worthless cunt that left you with me! At least if you were fucking around, some dumb ass would take you off my hands!" Graham steps around Hannibal grabbing Will by the scruff of the neck, pulling him to the older alpha and shaking him as the omega winces.

The older alpha points at Hannibal " I outta sell you to this alpha biker! Get some money for my trouble!" He smakes his son in the face a couple of times. "Look at me when I am talking to you boy!"

Will involuntarily whimpers and Hannibal feels a swell of hot anger in his chest. As Will's father starts to pull his son down the street, the alpha yells after them "How much?!"

Ed Graham stops turning to face Hannibal with his hand clamped on Will's neck. "What the fuck did you say?!" His eyes narrow in suspicion.

"I said how fucking much?!" The biker pulls two thick rolls of Ben Franklin out of this jacket pocket.He reaches into his jeans and pulls out two more wads of folded cash.

The other alpha licks his lips as he looks at the money. Will's eyes grow big as he looks from the money to his father's face. He doesn't need empathy to know what his father is feeling or what he is thinking. Will clings to his father's shirt.

"Daddy..Daddy.. please don't do this! I'll graduate in a year and with my grades I can go away to college. You can declare me independent and you won't have to worry about me any more. I won't be a problem!" The older alpha glances at his omega son.

"Shut up boy i am thinkin'"

"Daddy.. look at me..please!" The older man reluctantly tears his eyes away from Hannibal's money to Will.

"Daddy..I love you! I know I am a disappointment to you. "

" You can say that again." Sneers the older man

Will continues on," but please... I know you loved me for a little while..please remember..who is going to take care of you if you sell me? I can straighten up! Please give me another chance.Please don't do this!"

Hannibal's chest aches with compassion, for the omega as he looks through tears at his father. All his emotions are on the table. He is begging the father, who rejects him for whatever reason, who ignores his pleas to remember a long ago feeling. A small part of Hannibal hopes the father will relent and see the error of this decision. The pragmatic part of him, says the old alpha will not. He will sell his beautiful omega son for a couple months of drinking money.

Will's father hesitates for a moment then drags his son over closer to Hannibal. Will pulls back and he is punched in the nose for his rebellious pull. Will's nose starts to bleed as his eyes fills with tears.

"Hey! Damage his pretty face anymore and I'll take the offer off the table." Growls Hannibal.

"Sorry...He's belligerent sometimes and disobedient. You'll have to use a strong hand with him. He's always been that way. I thought he was going to be an alpha like me but then well..another kick in the balls."

Hannibal nods." Here's seventy thousand dollars..." He pulls the money back from the eager older man's hand. "But I need a guarantee of a couple of things."

"Like what?" Ed jerks his son back away from Hannibal.

Hannibal motions him over to an alley behind the bar. All three men move to the back of the building. Will whimpers as his father pushes his back against the wall. He uses his t shirt to wipe the blood away from his square jaw. He can't believe his father is actually going to sell him. Will knows if he runs he may not make it out of the alley. If he does he'll never go home again.What real choice is there to accept this future or an uncertain one? Running is his only option now.

"What do you need?" Asks the older alpha.

"One is he untouched?"

"He better be! Are you Will? Untouched boy?!" He shoves the omega against the wall again. "Don't you fucking lie to me boy!"

Will shudders in a breath and bites his lips and he nods yes. His face is beet red with humiliation that his father would even ask him that.

" Good. The other is I never want to see your fucking face around here or near William again. Do you understand? Once you sell your own flesh and blood you have no right to be around him ever. Don't think you can squeeze more money out of me because I'll straight up and kill you." Hannibal takes a hunting knife hidden in his belt and presses it close to the other alpha's throat.

Ed swallows as he releases Will, holding his hand out for the money. Will shakes his head as he whispers one last plea, "please daddy..please daddy..love you.." His tears hang on his lashes, as his lip tremebles.

Hannibal hates the weaker man with all his being for selling someone who loves him that much for a few dollars. He hopes the man dies of alcoholism wracked with bone shattering regret.

Will's hand is clutching the old alpha's arm, as he sees that his father has settled his mind on his course of action, he reluctantly lets the arm go. Once his dad's mind is made up there is no changing it.

His dad has threatened selling him before. Never hand Will considered it a possibility. Sure, his mom had left them for a wealthy beta, unusual yes but not unheard of. Will's father was furious but still seemed to love him. The alpha was good to his son until Will was an omega. Then the older Graham begin drinking and blaming his omega son for his mother leaving or anything that went wrong. But despite all that, you don't sell your children like in a third country. Even if he turns out to be an omega. It is suppose a drunken threat to keep Will in line, right?

Will felt how devastated his father was when he presented. Will tried to please and appease his alpha father to no avail. Will tried finding his mother with no success for help.

His father steps back from his son. He doesn't look at him as he holds out his hand for the money. Hannibal's watches Will, as he hands the money to the other alpha. Will inhales a shaky breath as he looks imploring at the man who raised him but doesn't acknowledge him. His father turns on his heel and walks down the alley toward the street. Hannibal watches as his omega exquisitely breaks, suffering in strangled sobs.

The omega takes a step and let's out a low quiet whimper. He turns away from the biker as he puts forehead against the wall as he hugs himself, with flyers still in shakey hands, in cold self comfort, as he tries to hold in his tears.

"Could you please not...look...at me...right now? Please?" He chokes back his sobs.Will wipes tears and mucus from his face.

Hannibal nods. He steps back. As the alpha leaves Will's personal space, Will hesitates for a few seconds until he bolts from the area. A flurry a papers are left behind as Willl flees down the sidewalk. The omega turns in the opposite direction from his father. Hannibal lights another cigarette.

Hobbs motions Hannibal into the secluded cabin the bikers have taken over for their party. They are letting off steam after a few weeks of hard week. Hannibal hasn't seen the beautiful omega since their encounter a few weeks ago but he has thought about him... a lot.

He sent a few trusted men put to find his omega and bring him back. At first Hannibal thought he had been conned. This whole act was to get money out of unsuspecting alphas. No amount of beating could get Ed Graham to admit to this. The older alpha had even helped in the search but still nothing.

The biker knows he'll find his reluctant omega. Oh the fun he has planned for him, curls Hannibal's lips up into smile.

Hannibal follows Hobbs to a locked room. Hobbs had been trying to earn his way back into Hannibal's good graces after a royal fuck up. So far the beta has been very unsuccessful. Hobbs is now on the edge of having his membership revoked.

Hobbs smiles as he unlocks the door. On the bed lies his angelic looking stubborn omega. He is breathing heavily his blue eyes half opened. His curls are sweaty and his leg is chained to the bed

The alpha can tell he has been heavily drugged. He walks to the end of the bed looking down at his beautiful omega. Hobbs stands to the side smiling. He removes a couple of viles from the drawer.

"Something to make your pretty toy easy to play with." he says shaking one of the villes. Hobbs takes a syringe and pushes the needle into the other vile. He pulls out a clear liquid. Hobbs taps the end getting rid of an air bubble. He injects the liquid into the gland in the omega' s neck.

Hannibal's eyes dilate when he realizes that Haobb has injected William with drug that brings on his heat. He doesn't let his face express anything. Hobbs looks at the alpha and shrugs.

"I saw you with him. Few weeks ago. I tracked him down and brought him as a present for you."

Hannibal looks at Hobbs coldly. " I...I haven't touched him boss! Nobody has!" The words tumble out of the beta. The alpha seems mullified for the moment.

"It's not every day you find such a pretty young thing that is unmated. If you aren't interested any more, I wouldn't mind a go." he says palming himself.

"Get the fuck out! "Growls Hannibal. He moves onto the bed as Hobb quickly leaves.

Chapter 2

Hannibal crawls up the bed to lay beside Will. He pushes the sweaty curls away from Will's forehead. As his chocolate hair sweeps and springs back a waft of sweet omega scent assaults the alpha' s nose. He closes his eyes as the scent twirls around his tongue. The alph can taste honeysuckle, chocolate,summer sun and the beginning of omegan heat. Hannibal knows it was a great risk to purchase the omega but he'll be useful in his plan. He shakes his head, it is beginning to become foggy as his body slides into rut.The biker has to think things through first before he succumbs to his biology.

The omega whines and shifts as his skin has started to flush from the forced hormones. He blinks slowly and scents the air then starts to pant slightly. He rubs his head into the sheets trying to wipe away the extra perspiration caused by the hormones and the his drugged state.

Will is telling himself to get up from the bed. He needs to run he is in a very bad situation but his body is not responding. His hearing feels muffled. The omega' s surroundings fade into and from blackness. Will's body feels itchy and hot. He does feel like this unless he is in heat but it way too soon for that to happen again.

Will tries to pull his shirt off to feel cooler but large hands stop him. He moans and tries again. Again his hands are stopped. He pushes the big hands away from him, then he starts to pull the t shirt up. Will hears an alpha' s growl. He stops and curls into himself to hide. He whimpers and covers his head with his arms. There is an alpha close by who seems irritated with the omega. He needs to either submit or hide, Will would rather hide.

Hannibal has taken out his phone to call Beverly. She has become an ally and confidant lately. She has friends in the pharmaceutical field. As the phone rings, the biker, watches as Will tries to take off his shirt. He stops him gently twice before he has to growl at his omega to stop. A defiant stubborn little shit, Hannibal likes him even more already.

Finally a loud "hello!" In a sleepy female voice is heard from the phone.

"Bev! Where are you?!"

"At the cabin why?"

"I need you to bring me those anti rut meds now, i am at the back of the cabin. Just tell people you are bringing me party favors, if anyone asks." Hannibal curtly orders as he strokes his hand through the omega curls.

"Why? I got it...but.."

Before she can finish Hannibal barks "Now Bev! Just do it!" He hangs up and his Will has moved further away timidly looking at the alpha through his fingers.

"Shhhshhh..." the alpha says as he puts his fingers in Will's hair again. The omega relaxes for a moment now that the alpha is not growling at him. He wishes he could take off his clothes maybe if he was a sweet to the alpha, he'll let him take off his shirt at least to get cooler. Will struggles through the haze of drugs and hormones. He can't finish a thought without something distracting him. The shadows on the walls move in undulating waves. The alpha above him seems to have a twin that follows him copying his every movement.There is something he is forgetting. It is very important, a job or a message he needs to perform.

Hannibal reaches for a cloth and pours some bottled water onto it. He hears splashes on the floor and more is heard as he squeezes the excess water out. He wipes Will's face. The omega nuzzles into the cloth. Hannibal bends down to nuzzle his nose around his omega' s ear. He inhales and feel a his cock grow hard.’God damn this boy..this..omega smells so fucking good. He just wants to taste him and suck his flesh.

Hannibal hears a knock. He growls until He hears " It's me asshole."

Hannibal reluctantly gets off the bed unlocking the door. Beverly walks into the room. The slender Asian alpha is wearing tight jeans, boots and leather jacket. Her hair in a low long ponytail with her ears pierced all the way around. She looks at the omega on the bed.

Hannibal grabs her neck to gain her undivided attention, slamming her head against the wall near the closed door." Inject yourself and then me with the meds!" when she hesitates he roars” Now!"

Will whimpers and pushes his back against the wall. Beverly tries to nod her head. With shaking hands she pulls out a vial and syringe. She pulls some meds up into the needle and looks at Hannibal.

"Do you mind?" She whispers out tapping her hand over Hannibal's on her neck.

He realises her and she coughs and injects herself. She then swiftly injects Hannibal as well. They both sigh as the anti rut medication flies into their system. Thank God it is fast acting. They both breathe deeply enjoying the cloying scent of the omega but are able to control their response, until the medication wears out of their systems.

Bev turns back to the omega that has finally successfully gotten his shirt off without interference from the alpha. Hannibal takes it from him wiping away the excess sweat from his face and torso.

"Is that the omega you bought..How?"

" Yes and Miggs tracked him and brought him here as a peace offering. The fucker can't do one fucking thing I ask him.Then he does the one thing I sent people I knew would fail at, succeed in finding the boy."

"Fuck! What are going to do? I mean Jack was fucking pissed off you even bought him." Hannibal sends her a death glare as he gazes at the boy below him. Him with an omega of all people. He has had his share of lovers betas, omegas and even alphas but sex with an omega can be tricky. Tricky if you have no interest in family and bonding. Family slows one down and they are a liability. Hannibal found that out the hard way with his sister, Mischa.

"I know you hadn't planned to bring him in for real..did you?"

Hannibal tilts his head as he continues to stoke Will's face with cool fingertips. "No and it doesn't matter now. I need to decide what I am going to do with him now. He'll make a good cover and lend credibility to my intentions."

Beverly moves closer to the bed and Hannibal growls at her."Hey settle down cowboy. I got my own, remember." she says backing off to lean her hip on the wall. She keeps her eyes on Hannibal out of respect and caution. The man is hard to read, making it an imperative to stay alert when dealing with him

"Sorry." Hannibal growls out. It's difficult to be polite when you're horny as hell.

" I see why you are protective or possessive. He smells fucking tasty and he ain't hard on the eyes..He's just so young. But you gotta mate and collar your pretty boy.. or sell him... or drop him off somewhere." Beverly reaches into her pocket pulls out a cigarette and lights it. She pulls smoke into her lungs exhaling nervousness. The female alpha knows showing fear is a weakness. She can't be weak in front of Hannibal the cannibal.

Hannibal looks put out at what she advises him. He knows she is right. Having an unmated or uncollared omega in the group will bring strife and chaos. Hannibal is too close from closing this deal to fuck it all up now.

"Hey man..if you keep him without at least collaring him there will be hell.You gotta claim him..for his safety as well...or.....give him to someone else..take him to a shelter...but..that push of meds last only for a couple hours tops.Then there will be no decision to make.You could claim bite him and help through he heat with a toy.If you don't wanna fuck him..for whatever reason."

"Do I look like some pussy beta?!" Hannibal gets off the bed while he taking Beverly’s smoke out of her hand.

"If you ain't got a problem with underage ass..go for it Hannibal."

"He maybe just small for his age.."

"Whatever..I'm going...good luck..see you in five days or so.." Bev rolls her eyes as she opens the door to leave.

After Beverly leaves, Hannibal open the only window in the room flicking the butt outside. He closes the window as he watches the omega on the bed. Hannibal removes his leather jacket, t shirt and boots. He leaves his jeans on. He sits on the edge of the bed.

Will has rolled over on to his back. He is looking at the ceiling transfixed by the crack in it running the length of the room. His breathing is shallow and quick. Hannibal notices a scar on his left shoulder. If Hannibal didn't know any better, he would think that was a stab wound. Did the omega's father stab him? He wouldn't put it past a man who would sell his own kid.

Will tries to unbutton his soiled jeans. It looks Will didn't go down without a fight. His jeans are grass stained with huge patches of mud on them. His hands are fumbling with the button because he is barely coherent from drugs and heat.

He is perfectly helpless. The omega is pilant, needy and very easy to control. This must be the combination the traffickers are using.Will whines and looks at Hannibal.

"Please help me."

How can Hannibal resist such a sweet and polite request. Hannibal moves his hands down Will's neck, torso, stomach till he reaches the waist of the jeans. Will moans and shivers. His stomach reflexively concaves to his spine. Hannibal groans in admiration of the lithe beautiful body and soft skin. He unbuttons and unzips the jeans.

Hannibal moves forward as though there is a string tied to his nose. It pulls him to the boy's fabric covered crotch.He inhales deeply. Even with the meds working, his cock stirs in want for his omega. Hannibal can't bear the idea of giving Will to another or dropping him off at some shelter. For his omega to be claimed by another alpha who may or may not keep him safe.

Hannibal kisses the inside of Will's thighs. His mouth follows his tongue down the garden path as he removes the omega's jeans. The omega places his hands on the alpha's shoulders. His sits up as his hands slide down Hannibal's back. The boy's hands skim down his muscular back to the small of it. Fingers explore the dimples there.

Will is forced to lay back down as the biker tongues up his body. Hannibal stops at the omega's neck lapping the sweat that is pooled there in the creases.

"How old are you, William?" Hannibal watches while the boy's eyes flutter.

The alpha cups Will's jaw in his hand moving his head toward Hannibal. He keeps it firmly and gently there. He says "William! look at me."

The boys eyes slowly opens looking at Hannibal.

"How old are you? Answer me beautiful."

Will smiles broadly and then giggles. " What age do want me to be,Daddy?" he purrs

"Fuck me." the alpha groans. This is a true test of patience and endurance he swears.

"Your real age..what is it?"

"How old do you think I am?"

"I think you are sixteen or seventeen." Hannibal is hoping he is right then Will at least be the age of consent.

"Well I am too old for you...too old..old.That's me.. the omega trails off as he looks at Hannibal blinking slowly.

"William! tell me!"

"Ok..ok..I am twenty four." Will smiles a lopsided smile as he wiggles. He feels uncomfortable slick forming. He hates the way it feels. Heat may have been bearable except for the copious amounts of slick.

The alpha shakes his head and looks down at the wiggling omega. There apparently is no use asking him anything. Will is too heat drunk and high to answer truthfully. Hannibal scratches his beard as though he is making a decision. He feels another's fingers join his in scratching.

"I like beards." says Will as he takes his hand scratching the alpha's chin, jaw and then then Hannibal's cheeks as his hand moves in a circular pattern.

"Is it because you can't grow one?" the biker sops his hand turns it toward him, kissing the palm.

Will huffs and says "That's a myth. I can grow one but it will take me awhile."

The alpha chuckles. Hannibal leans down taking Will's lips with his. The omega breathes in deeply and exhales as he open his mouth. He loves making out.The omega loves how lips lock and capture each other. He loves the tangle of the tongues.There something so sweet and intimate in the unspoken language of the kiss.

Will moves his hands around the alpha's shoulders. He pulls himself closer as the biker's hands tangle into his curls then one moves to his neck. It slides down his hands barely touching until it captures the jut of his hip.

Hannibal pulls back for air, he feels the anti rut meds begin to lose their effectiveness. He looks down a pale skin.His lips caress everywhere his eyes have touched.

"William..do you want me to mate you little one. I can protect and look after you." the alpha asks out of politeness. He can persuade the omega if he refuses.

"No...I want you to fuck me."

Chapter 3

Hannibal takes his hand wrapping it lightly around the omega's throat. He watches the omega shiver, eyes open in half moon slits. Heated blue eyes looking at him surrounded by lush eyelashes, he drags his callous hands down his throat to his sternum.

"Say it again" he growls,"say it like you mean it."

"I want you to fuck me now." responds the omega pushing his hand up from the tops of Hannibal's waistband on his jeans to his nipples. Light touches that feel like a brush of cool current graze where Will’s hands move, makes Hannibal’s resolve waken.

"Then I will." he purrs as he captures his omega's lips,snaring them in sharp canines. The is surprised when Will bites him back viciously. Hannibal's feels a growl move upward as he looks at the omega. The omega looks feral with blood staining his lips. A creature that can be tamed by only by his hand. He covers Will's body putting his lovely mate in his first cage of flesh.

Will feels the weight of the alpha on top of him and it feels so fucking good. He rolls his hips up and nuzzles into his neck. Drawing his scent out, turning it over in his mind. His body tells him it is time to submit to the alpha. He sighs, he should fight. The heat hormones are too strong so is the drugs pulsing through his veins.

The omega feels a rush of hormones tickle his brain and groin, he needs more.
"More..alpha..I need...more. Touch me more, feel me more, give me more of you." he moans as the rolls pelvis, and move legs trying to scratch the itch of his skin on the sheets.

He hooks his mouth onto Hannibal's ear. He licks the outside shell then taking the lobe in, sucking and nibbling. Will removes the ear studs from Hannibal with is teeth and tongue. He spis them out of his mouth into his hand, handing them over to the alpha.

"They were in my way." he smiles a the alpha

"You are very talented with your tongue. I thought you were untouched, little one."

"No, you wanted to know if I am a virgin. I am..but I can still be virginal and make out. I love to make out. I love kissing, sucking, pawing, feeling all that muscle…" the omega looks lustily up and down Hannibal's body.

Hannibal smiles at the omega's candor."Well then show me what you like..little one. Show me what a good boy you are."

Will giggles squirming into the mattress.He wraps his hands into the alpha long hair pulling his his mouth to his for a smoldering kiss. As soon as Hannibal slides his tongue into his mouth Will sucks on the alpha's tongue moving his mouth and down the length of it. The alpha growls as his cock thickens. He can't wait to see how good his omega is going to be at giving head.

He feels Will wrap his legs around his waist and hooking them together. Will rolls the alpha onto his back. Hannibal laughs as he pushes the omega's damp curls away from his face. He smiles and kisses the alpha's neck, the nipping at it as the travels down toward his chest.Then his head pulls down toward a nipple with his tongue. Hands are following close behind. His eyes are looking at Hannibal watching him without flinching. The omega reaches a nipple and flicks his tongue around it before taking it and sucking it.

"I think you are a little minx." Hannibal rolls his hips and pulls Will's curls into his fist.

Will smiles as his tongue circles the nipple."Are you disappointed alpha?"

"no..I didn't say that…" Hannibal stops in mid sentence as Will continues to explore him with his tongue. He kisses and licks on his way down to Hannibal's stomach.The omega unbuttons the alpha's jeans, still looking up at Hannibal as the licks and kisses where the jeans were just a mere second ago.He nuzzles Hannibal's cock with his nose and strokes his palm over his erection. Hannibal groans as the closes his eyes. He feels Will come back up to his lips the is still stroking the alpha.

"You are sooo big...Daddy. Can I take it out and play?"

Hannibal goans out a "Fuck!"

"In a minute baby, I wanna check something." Hannibal rolls the laughing omega off of him. He puts Will on his stomach. He hears the protest of what's the big idea muffles from Will into the pillow. The alpha checks Will's back and neck for claiming marks. He pulls down Will's jeans and underwear with two impatient tugs. Hannibal opens Will's as taking a moment to take a taste of slick. Then he looks and here it is..an omega virginal hole. Hannibal shakes his head in disbelief. Will looks at the alpha over his shoulder with fevered eyes.

Hannibal leans in and kisses WIll's shoulders making the omega shoulder. "Wonders never cease." he murmurs. Hannibal kisses down his soft spine as the arches up and down. The tingling of the teeth Hannibal scrapes down his back makes Will want to come up out of his skin.

The omega whimpers, "It's not nice to tease."

Hannibal chuckles "I must teach you patience little one."

"Later" pouts Will.

Hannibal kisses the omega's soft globes of his ass and the alpha caresses them. His finger fits effortlessly into the slick hole. He moans at the warmth he feels from WIll. Will moans and shifts at the intrusion. He nuzzles the pillow beneath his face.Hannibal removes his jeans and briefs in swift swoop. He returns to the omega to lick and suck the slick from the omega's skin. Hannibal has never been a 'sweets person' but Will has changed all that for him. The alpha can't seem to get enough of the omega.He wants him now.

Will moans and squirms as the cool touches of the alpha send relief throughout his body. The fingers inside him feel so good but it's not enough...never going to be enough.The feels hands lift his hips and someone behind him. 'Finally!" the moans. Will hears a laugh that sounds like it is coming through the walls.

Hannibal pushes thick cock gently into the omega with a groan. "fuck!" the groan all words escape him. The alpha starts a slow rhythm that intensifies quickly. Will pushes back with each thrust finally coming off his shoulders to rock back to get the depth he wants.

"Are you ready? Do you want my knot baby? Hmmm...do you?" Hannibal purrs into Will's ear.

The omega looks back at the alpha grunting."yes daddy! I want it now!"

Hannibal pushes his knot into his omega and as Will cums, Hannibal bites into Will's pale skin between the crook of the neck and shoulder. He can't believe the has bonded himself to an omega. But there was no way he was going to let another have this treasure. Will shudders cuming again as Hannibal does. They are firmly knotted now. Will is exhausted from the sex, the induced heat and the drugs. He slips quickly into oblivion.

Hannibal strokes the omegas curls as he enjoys the mingling of their scents. After the knot finally deflated, Hannibal gets up to have another cigarette. the blows the smoke out of the open window as he enjoys the cool breeze on his naked skin. Hannibal knows there will need to make changes to his plans. The alpha scratches his chin as he ashes his cigarette out the window, his gaze lingering over his very young...mate. Well at least he pretty to look at, the thinks

Will feels like it takes eons for him to break the surface of wakefulness. He feels like he has a hella of a hangover. The omega feels sore all over, especially in his back. The omega snuggles into the mattress and pillow. He sniffs, then smells something familiar but he can't place from where? Will realizes that he is not alone, he feels hot breath on his neck with an arm draped across his waist.

He cracks an eyelid, everything in the room seems bright with a halo of light around it. The omega squints his eyes trying to focus. Will wishes the had his glasses, that damn biker had them. the biker Fuck! He remembers fighting that beta biker off until he got the drop on him. Will vaguely remembers someone putting a needle in his neck. hen...then...heat.

Will sits up and touches his neck. here the feels the bonding mark. He drops his head into his shaking hand.He looks over his shoulder seeing the alpha biker from a month ago. When everything in his life was turned upside down. "Fuck my life." the mumbles to himself.

The alpha snorts making Will jump out of his skin. The biker seems to be a sound asleep. Will gathers up his clothes. He quickly and quietly gets dressed. The omega tries the door but it’s locked, to noisy anyway. The window he slides open. Will’s in luck the screen has been knocked out. Will slings his leg over out the window. The omega is hoisting himself up when the feels two hands grab his leg and waist pulling him back in.

"Let me help you little one. It looks like you were struggling." the alpha chuckles next to his ear as the struggles.

"I wasn't alpha." the omega says through clenched teeth as the struggles to ge free to no avail. The is thrown on the bed with a bounce while Hannibal grabs his empty pack of cigarettes. The alpha frowns. Will watches him.

"Looks like you are out. I'll go get your some alpha." he offers

"Aren't you helpful!"

"That's me helpful Will."

"No. We can get them together. I don't want you out of my sight. I’ve missed you." purrs Hannibal

“What are going to do with me?” ask Will as the sits on the edge of the bed the is bent over with his elbows on his knees and head in his hands. The pulls his fingers absentmindedly through his curls thinking about this situation. He might be able to manipulate this situation to his advantage. His fingers wander down his neck. Then the feels it. A bite mark, a claiming mark fresh and raw like the feels.

Will looks up while feeling the smug satisfaction from the alpha before the sees it reflected on his face. Oh this is bad. This is very bad. WIll being high empathic finds it hard to pull away from other people’s emotions. Now with a mate, a mate the is bonded to, the omega feel he’ll never know what is truely his.

Hannibal watches his omega feeling the tug of shock pull through him as WIll realizes the has been claimed. There are other feelings that Hannibal can't put his finger on. He does recognize fear and trepidation being in the forefront of those. The alpha closes the window then crosses the room to sit by Will on the bed. The omega automatically scoots away from the alpha.

"Well I am going to keep, look after you and protect you."

"Sounds very traditional for a man living an alternative lifestyle." Will snorts looking anywhere but at Hannibal.

"I am an old fashion guy at heart." smiles the alpha. He continues "We'll get some breakfast. We will be pulling out of here in a few hours."

"We are leaving the area?" Will asks looking at Hannibal. He seems alarmed about this information.

"Yes. I have business to attend to in a few towns down the road."

"Can't I stay here? I have to finish school."

"No. You are mine and you belong to me."

"Does it even matter what I want? Do I get a say in thisr?"

"Nope. It doesn't. You are a bright kid. You can take your GED. But I will try to take in consideration what you want..to a degree." the alpha brushes Wil's hair away from his face. WI;; flinches leaning away from his mate. Hannibal growls snaking an arm around his waist pulling him closer. He nuzzles behind Will's ear.

“Don’t lean away from me when I give you affection.” The alpha says. “Especially in front of others. It displeases me and you don’t want that. It is also for your protection. In this world you are apart of now, being an unclaimed omega is dangerous for your freedom and health. If I have to fight for you because you signal to others I am weak...Well let's say you will be very sorry you did.” The alpha kisses the omega on the cheek as Will closes his eyes.

Hannibal observes as the omega tries to get ahold of himself. Once his trembling stops, Hannibal puts his hand softly on the back of the omega’s neck.

“Now let’s get breakfast.”

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hannibal places his hand over the claiming bite on the omega's neck. He guides Will outside the cabin to where his motorcycle is parked. The ground is littered with trash and people left from last night's party. When they arrive at the bike, the alpha opens a saddle bag removing a big leather jacket handing it to Will.

"Put it on. The wind will make you cold." Will hesitates as Hannibal moves things around looking for something else in the saddle bag. Will wants to tell him to fuck off but thinks better of it. He is enclosed in instant scent of the alpha and heavy weight of the leather. It is a several sizes too big on the omega. Then Hannibal tells the omega to turn around and he feels leather go around his neck. It's two inches wide black leather collar that has an O ring in the front. It's lined with a very soft fleece. Will touches the collar looking at a smug alpha.

"Is this something issued to you as soon as you become a biker? Do you think it's big enough? I am not sure NASA can see if from the space station." he snarks unable to help himself. The omega waits for the slap that doesn' t come. He closed his eyes out of habit opening them to find the alpha chuckling.

"No I bought that collar the day after I bought you.I probably can find something wider, maybe a posture collar. Help keep you head up and make eye contact. For such as a confident smart mouth you flaunt, you avoid eye contact more than any omega I've ever met. Get on in the back." he gestures to the tail end of his motorcycle. Good thing Wil was small, he will seat easily behind the alpha. The alpha hands Will a helmet. When the omega puts it on it sinks over his eyes a tad too big.

"I thought tough bikers never wear a helmet." Will states trying to fasten the helmet.

Hannibal moves WIll's fingers nimbly tightening the strap smiling at the omega. He looks so...cute with the alpha's helmet on like a pup playing dress up. The alpha smiles, "Only a biker who wants to die in an accident or who wants to draw attention from the cops. I want neither."

Will scuffs as the asks “You really think you aren’t drawing the cops attention because you are wearing a helmet.”

“No little one. It gives them one less excuse to pull us over for so they can search us.” Hannibal puts his sunglasses on. “We’ll get you a helmet after breakfast. Oh don’t open your mouth if you don't want to eat bugs.”

“lovely.” Will grimaces

The couple arrives at the diner, walking into a small morning rush. Will feels several sets of eyes watching him. The omega hunches his shoulders rubbing his claim mark absently mindedly. It feel like it is burning. They sit in a booth.Hannibal insisting he sits where he can see the door. The waitress walks over offering coffee and water with menus. She keeps looking at Will and his collar. The omega bristles at the attention shifting in his seat.Hannibal is amused as he watches WIll squirm under the heightened awareness of others. The kid should be used to people looking at him. Most pretty boy omegas like him thrive on what their good looks bring to them,

“Can we possible get a smaller one.” the omega asks in an aggravation pointing at this joke of a collar he has on.

Hannibal looks at his omega the alpha likes the unmistakable visual of ownership. “No”

“Why not?”

“Because I said so.” the alpha says looking over the menu. He observes Will make a mocking face as he repeats what the alpha just said.

“Watch it. I’ll be nice as you adjust to the situation but even my patience will run out.” the alpha looks over the menu. His eyes dart up with a warning flash in his red eyes. The blue ones looking back at him slowly drops to their own menu. So much for getting away from

dear old dad he shudders.He was starving coming off a heat but now his stomach is soured from his predicament.

The waitress returns for their order. Hannibal orders a large breakfast with eggs, bacon and toast. Will orders toast. The alpha looks at his disapproving. “You need to eat more than that. Your underweight.”

“I’m not very hungry. You weren't’ complaining about my weight last night.” Will says before he takes a sip of coffee.

“True, I was occupied. You need something more substantial than toast.”

“Okay..I’ll try after lunch alpha.” the omega sighs barely containing an eye roll.

William, do you remember my name?”

“Nope. I haven’t a clue.” is the candid answer from Will.

Hannibal laughs hitting the table with his hand.”That's why you’ve been referring to me as alpha. My name is Hannibal Lecter. I guess you’ll be William Lecter now.”

Will looks at him stopping mid sip. “No, not unless we get officially married. I am still a Graham. Are you proposing by any chance?”

“No.”

“Good.”

Hannibal smiles enjoying the light banter between him and his omega. A smart kid who can carry conversation seems to be a rarity these days. He likes watching the way the morning sunlight plays in Will's curls and light his eyes up.The alpha might grow to like being domestic if he could watch Will like this everyday.They sit in silence even after their meal is brought out.After they finish they stop by a local biker shop for a helmet to fi Will and smokes for the alpha.

Will looks through the clothes as Hannibal and the owner converse. Hannibal watches the omega shift through pants and t shirts. The alpha who owns this shop is named Alana Bloom. Hannibal likes to call her Blossom, they have been friends for years. She smiles flicking her dark long hair over her shoulder wearing head to toe leather.

"He's a looker Hannibal. Nice from the front and the back. I've got some leather pants on sale. How about I give a pair to you as a wedding gift? He would look hot." she smiles winking at the other alpha."

"That he would but i think it may cause conflict with other people down the road. I'd have to beat who ever looked too long." he says licking his lips.

"I am going to give them to you anyway. Have him wear them just for you, when you two are alone." Alana laughs

Will is ignoring the two alphas as the looks for some clothes. It's a lot of leather. It seems more akin to a BDSM sex shop then one for biker wear. But what did he know what he was suppose to wear. He finally finds some jeans and some shirts when the omega feels someone bump into him from behind. Will tenses up as he stops moving.

"Relax it's just your daddy." he hears Hannibal purr behind his ear." Let me pick out some clothes for you as well. You'll need somethings appropriate for the journey."

"I am not wearing leather underwear." Will says cocking an eyebrow at Hannibal. Who's eyes light up with the daydream of new experiences of touch and taste lingering behind closed doors.

“Hmmm..maybe not now.”

“Ever!” WIll says taking some clothes to try on as he hears the alpha laugh.

When they return to the motorcycle stowing their purchases into the saddlebags. Hannibal hands the omega his own helmet.

“Am I going to have my own ride.” Will asks strapping on his helmet.

“Nope. I like the feel on you behind me.” replies the alpha putting on his own.”I have some business to attend to before we had back to meet the others.”

WIll is glad the doesn’t have to converse with his new mate as they ride to some place outside the city.His mate! What the fuck was he going to do? It was obvious his alpha was a possessive controlling man. He’s just glad Hannibal didn’t decide to pee on him to mark him. Will needs to keep his wits about him so the can escape. Just running is not going to cut it this time he needs a plan.

They ride into a national park driving through the forest. Hannibal pulls the motorcycle into a deserted picnic area. As they park, a black SUV pulls in parking beside them. They get off the bike taking off their helmets. Will scrutinizes the black SUV with government tags. His eyes narrow as he looks from Hannibal back to the vehicle.

“Go sit over there and wait.” Hannibal motions to the picnic table. Will looks at him and at the African American alpha getting out of the SUV wearing a trench coat and a suit. Curiosity fills his eyes but he gets off the bike heading over to the picnic area sitting on a table. Will watches the duo. What was a biker doing talking with a fed, he ponders.

Hannibal walks up to Jack Crawford as they greet each other.They speak in low murmurs as Hannibal watches the omega lounging in the sun.

“Jack”

“Hannibal”

“Is that the omega you bought?” the fed asks as he crosses his arms.

“Yes, he is the one I bought and I am now bonded with.” he says lighting a cigarette.

“For fuck’s sake Hannibal.What are you thinking? He looks thirteen.”

“Will looks sixteen. I was thinking that his dad was a prick, so I was saving him from being sold to some random violent alpha.”

“I thought you let him run off.”

“I did but thought better of it. Hobbs found him. Gave him to me as a peace offering So, here we are ;besides I can use him. He’s not hard on the eyes and intelligent.”

Jack shakes his head saying nothing about the danger. The boy was his omega.

Hannibal interrupts his thoughts.

“Do you have the inel on Mason Verger’s place? How’s my sister?”

“Your sister is safe in protective custody and I have the plans for Verger’s estate. Remember, we need inside information of the human trafficking as well the drugs. Gather information and call if something major happens. Or if you need help. Let the FBI handle it. “ Jack says as he reaches into his SUV for a manilla folder. Which Hannibal takes stuffing into the back of his pants.

“We still have our deal right?” Hannibal glares at Jack.

“Yes everything is in place with the Justice department on board. Don’t worry about you deal or your sister. Worry about not getting killed. Just take care of your omega and yourself.” Jack slaps Hannibal on the back as he gets into the vehicle.

Hannibal walks back toward the picnic area, he signals his omega back to the bike.The alpha hands Will his helmet. Will places it on his head watching the alpha.

“So are you a fed or just working for them?”he casually asks. Before he knows it, his arm is behind his back as he is bent over the motorcycle.

“If you value your life or safety you will not mention that around anyone. Do you understand?” the alpha growls pushing his hips into Will’s ass..

“Fuck! Yes I understand! Hell! I wasn’t going talk to anyone anyway. I’m not a moron. I was just curious.” he grits in pain from how Hannibal is holding his arm hurts like hell. Will can't help but give a quiet omega whimper for mercy from his angry alpha. The alpha takes pressure off his arm by smacks his ass a couple of times. Will jumps in surprise from the smarting slaps as he yelps.The alpha smiles at the arousing sounds.

“Ow what was that for?!” the omega whines

“Your foul language.” Hannibal says as he ruts a little harder against the omega. The alpha likes the feel of Will’s ass as he is bent over Hannibal's motorcycle as well being outside is always refreshing. He pulls Will’s head up by a fist full of curls. His mouth seeks Will’s lips as pulls the omega even closer delighting in the pressure and the friction. The omega moans as he puts his hand around the alpha' s head curling get a in Hannibal's hair biting the alpha's lips. ‘God I wish I was that limber again.’ the alpha thinks.

They part to take in some air. Will turning while the pulls Hannibal to him by his jacket invading the alpha’s mouth with his tongue. Hannibal hooks two fingers into the O ring of the collar keeping the omega’s lips close meanwhile grabbing the swell of his ass possessively. They break apart again as Hannibal growls and his omega lowers those piercing blue eyes

submissively. The alpha hoists Will up to carry by gripping him under his thighs carrying the omega to the picnic table. The alpha slides the omega's ass to the edge of the table. Hannibal unbuttons Will's jeans reaching in moving his around to the omega's ass. Will undoes the alpha's belt and pants delving in to stroke his already hard cock. They both groan in unison as they kiss and nip, pulling and pushing each other. Hannibal pulls off Will's shoes, jeans and boxer. Will pushes Hannibal's jeans and underwear down. The alpha pulls the omega toward him throwing Will's legs over his shoulders pushing into him in forceful snap of his hips.

Hannibal bends kissing the omega's chest and belly moving up to his lips as the slowly thrusts in and out. Breaking apart, Will begins to move his hips up meeting the alpha with a counter thrust. Hannibal feels so fucking good inside him. He can tell the alpha is enjoying the ride as much as Will is, by the sounds the omega is pulling out of his alpha. WIll clenches his ass watching as his alpha's eyes go from red to black. Hannibal leans forward using the O ring to pull Will up so he can kiss the omega keeping him there, as he takes Will's hand moving it to his own weeping cock. The omega's eyes lift meeting the alpha as Hannibal nods at him.

"Stroke yourself as I watch you, as you watch me fuck you." the alpha growls placing his free hand on WIll's hip as he still holds the ring on the collar. Will stokes moaning as he watches Hannibal pump his cock in and out of him. Both their breaths pick as they near their climax. As they both come at the same time, Hannibal takes one hand holding on to his knot gripping it so it doesn't hurt since he and his omega aren't tied.

They both groan as they come down from the haze. Hannibal kissing Will tenderly before cleaning them both up from their impromptu tryst in a national park.They gather and put on clothes adjusting everything into place, before moving back to the bike. Will tucked under Hannibal's arm clasped close to the alpha's side.

Will finishes buckling his helmet on for the second attempt to leave. "By the way do you still have my glasses? I am tired of squinting."

Hannibal smiles pulling out a glass case which holds Will's glasses. Will reches for them but the alpha moves them out of his reach. Will let's out an exasperated sigh. Hannibal places the glasses on his omega's nose then brushes his lips against the other's. WIll feels a warmth fill his chest from such a simple kiss. Their bond feels like it is slender strings that have knotted them together. Hannibal breaks away first putting the case in another saddle bag.

"How old are you anyway?" the alpha says watching his pretty pet straddle the bike.

“Does it matter?”

“Yes.”

“Twenty four.”

“William. It is unwise to lie to me. I won’t ask again. How old are you?” Hannibal growls

“Okay..I am eighteen.”

“Really? Kind small for your age aren’t you?” Hannibal smirks as soon as he sees the indignit look the omega gives him.

“If you don't like me. Release me and get another one.” the omega grits out. All my fucking life he laminates, the omega is never healthy enough or weight enough. People wonder how he made it as far as he has like it's a sin to be lithe.

Hannibal gets on the bike starting it up. “No I like you. Your feisty. I’ll just fatten you up.”

He laughs as he pulls out as the alpha feels Will’s hands grab his waist. The omega breaths in the alpha’s scent hating the way it makes him feel warm and happy. Will needs to find a phone and take care of some business himself. The alpha will be watching him closely to make sure he doesn't try to run. Will doubts he'll let him have a cell for awhile. Is it possible to find a payphone anywhere that works?

Chapter End Notes

I need a cold shower and a cigarette after sex in the woods. Feel the call of the wild.

Chapter 5

They ride a couple towns away from the national park pulling into a bar called **Hog Wild**. Will rolls his eyes at the name. It looks like most bars in the middle of a dead end town. There are several parked bikes outfront. They are a hodgepodge of different makes and models gleaming in the sunlight. He and Hannibal pull off their helmets. Will hooks his thumbs in his jeans belt loops twisting his neck side to side. This collar chafes his skin. There will be a red ring or a bruise later this evening, the omega just knows.

Hannibal watches his omega twisting in the collar which is scraping his neck raw. Luckily he has a couple of other collars he purchased from Blossom.For now the claim, that Will is his needs to very obvious. The alpha grabs Will pulling and tucking him into his side his hand laying possessively at Will's waist. The omega squirms to pull away slightly stopping when he hears the alpha growl at him.

"You will stay close to me, understand? Go nowhere unless you ask permission." Hannibal growls into his neck scenting him thoroughly.

"You're just clutching me so tight. I can barely breath,alpha. Loosen up a little,please." Will says leaning his head back so the can meet the alpha's red eyes. He feels Hannibal's grip loosen a fraction. Will takes a big breath swallowing. The omega feels like he is drowning in a sea of alpha pheromones. The alpha pinches his waist to gain Will's atention.

"What?" he yelps.

"Do you understand the instructions I gave you? Until we are established, things will be dangerous when we are in a group that is not ours. Follow my directions or …"

"I know. I'll be punished. I get it." Will murmurs in reply looking at the door. He hears loud music and lots of people talking. Will's social anxiety rears it's ugly head. The omega feels queasy.

“There is something you should know….I ...don’t do well in crowds.” the omega bites his bottom lip looking at the alpha with anxiety filled eyes.

God, the alpha loves that lost puppy look. Hannibal imagines a clinging Will sitting meekly in the corner of a booth seat.Now that would be something to see considering how fiesty the omega is most of the time.

“We are justing meeting up with the rest of the pack than we head out for our next job.” the alpha starts moving forward making sure the stumbling omega doesn’t fall.

“What job?”

“Don’t worry your pretty little head about it.”

“Whatever.” Will grouses.

Hannibal opens the bar door entering into a party fashionably late. He looks around spying Bev and the rest of the crew, occupying three booths near the back.Beverly looks over at the couple approaching. Hannibal has a smug grin on his face clutching his anxious omega impossibly close. She doesn’t know how the pretty thing can even walk. She admires Hannibal’s choice in omegas. The boy is gorgeous except for that ridiculous collar around his neck. ‘Who does that? Puts a huge ass collar on a delicate neck like that?’ Apparently her compadre does, that’s who.

The alpha sees Beverly slyly smile behind her beer she is drinking. Hannibal knows she’s laughing at the collar his omega is wearing. Hannibal releasing at the booth. The alpha is then pushing Will into the seat across from Beverly and her omega Margot. Will scoots quickly avoiding getting sat on by his alpha. The alpha motions to the alpha and omega women across from them. “This Beverly and her mate Margot, they belong with us.”

Will nods in greeting keeping his eyes on the seat behind them.’ Let the judging begin.’ he thinks.

Beverly grins, “Nice to meet you Will. I thought Hannibal was going to smother you to death before we were introduced.” she says winking at the other alpha.

Before Hannibal can say anything, the omega runs a nervous hand through his curls huffing out a laugh.” Yea. Like I know,right?” The alpha purses his lips looking around the table.

“Duly noted.” he says as Margot smiles at Will pushing some chips and salsa toward him. The omega looks at Hannibal who nods, looking pleased Will look to him for permission. Will internal dialogue is froth with indignation over Will’s behavior. The omega tamps his thoughts down with admonishments, the is doing what needs to be done for now. It still rankles his pride. That his life has come to this after loudly declaring that this path was not for him. Mating, bonding,kids were never in the future picture Will has planned for himself.

A waitress comes over for a drink order. Hannibal orders a boiler maker and Will orders two fingers of whiskey. The waitress smacks her gum looking at Will.” How old are you kid?”

“Not old enough. He’ll have a coke.” the alpha interjects. Hannibal’s expression is the equivalent of a paternal eyes roll after he catches his kid sneaking liquor out of the house.

“Hey, I am twenty four. Besides doesn’t being forcibly mated and bonded count for any type of alcohol indulgence?” the omega asks looking at Beverly and the waitress. The waitress shakes her head leaving the table. Beverly is trying to cover her chuckle looking at the irritated alpha across from her.

“He’s smart Hannibal, you gotta give him that. Good vocabulary use by the way Will.” she says trying to look serious.

“You’re not twenty four are you?” asks Margot crossing her arms.

Hannibal just gives an exasperated sigh taking a chip dipping it into the salsa.

“Why is so hard to believe I am twenty four?” elbow on the table as Will takes a chip with salsa biting it. He enjoys the crunch of the chip and he famished. He always is after coming off a heat whether it was natural cycle or chemical induced one.

“Hey H man! See you got yourself mated. Congrats man! Is he like twelve or what?” chortles a bearded man with a red bandanna on his head removing his aviator glasses hanging them on his shirt. The smaller blonde man beside him rolls his eyes at his companion’s remark taking a drink from his beer.

“He’s eighteen Zeller. Even if he is twelve, it’s best you keep your smart ass comments to your fucking self. Next time your voice will be muffled by your ass! Got it?!” growls Hannibal asserting his authority without raising his voice or getting up from his seat.

The alpha Zeller, raises his hands in mock surrender.” Sorry man. No offense meant.”

“Don’t mind him Boss. He can’t help he was born to be the head asshole. Congrats. “ the small blonde beta man says. The beta looks at Will, pointing to himself “I’m Jimmy Price and this is Brian “head asshole” Zeller.” he says smacking Zeller in the chest. Who grimaces raises a hand in greeting, which Will returns.

The two men take a table across from them when the waitress delivers their drinks. She sets a Coke down in front of Will with a plunk and raised eyebrow. Will takes a drink grumbling something incoherent as Hannibal chuckles quietly amused.

Will tunes out the conversation as he sips his Coke and eats looking for a payphone. Some of these old bars have a pay phone near the bathrooms. Hannibal seems locked into deep discussion with Beverly about their next job. He’s about to ask to go the bathroom when Hobbs and another man WIll doesn’t recognize walks up to the table. Will sits back concealing himself behind Hannibal as his face flushes in memory.

“Hannibal.Bev.” the other man says in greeting trying to see who is sitting beside the main alpha.

“How’s your omega?” Hobbs smirks trying to suss out where he stands now in Hannibal’s good graces.

Hannibal pulls Will abruptly to him giving him a kiss on the head. Will feels like his face is on fire it’s so hot with rage and embarrassment. “We are fine. This is Miggs. Miggs this is Will.” the alpha points to the other man who has stringy hair and a greasy leering smile. He sets off warning bells in the omega’s head. Will gives a tight small smile.

“You know Hobbs.” the alpha says looking at Hobbs.

“Yea. I fucking know Hobbs.” the omega grits out pointly not looking in Hobbs’s direction. Hobbs is sneering at Will. The lesser alpha drops it quickly when he sees the dark look on Hannibal’s face.The alphas make a hasty retreat to where ever they are sitting. There is a heavy silence at the table for a few moments before the conversation is resumed between Bev and Hannibal.

The omega takes a couple more drinks before he leans in close to Hannibal. The alpha automatically looks at him smiling. Will sighs,” I need to go to the little omega’s room.”

“Can it wait?”

“Really? No.It can’t wait.” Will cocks an indigent eyebrow at him. Hannibal looks around seeing where the bathrooms are located.

“Come straight back. Don’t speak to anyone.”

“Yes Daddy.” Will says sliding out heading in the general direction of the restrooms.

“Get that look off your fucking face, Bev?” Hannibal says with a playful growl.

“What look? I am just so happy for you Hannibal. Most people won’t adopt kids this late in life.” she laughs as the other alpha glares at her.

Will walks to the corridor where the bathrooms are. He opens a couple of doors finding storage rooms. Right past the bathrooms hidden in a cubby by the exit door is an old rotary payphone. Will looks around picks it up. ‘Holy Shit Batman! there’s a dial tone! ‘Will stuffs his hands in his pocket feeling around for any loose change. Nothing. The omega looks around on the floor checking for anything a drunk dropped. He finds a dime, pennies and a couple of quarters. Will hopes it doesn’t take much to use the damn thing.

Will knows his time is limited. The omega shakes the coins in his hand contemplating what number to call. He picks up the phone dialing a memorized number. The omega hears a few clicks then deposits the quarters when the line rings. An answering machine picks up and the omega lives a brief detailed message hanging up quickly when he senses an alpha in the hallway.

Will fully anticipates seeing a pissed off Hannibal. The omega thinks of a quick excuse. He turns smiling, when he sees it’s not Hannibal but another alpha. The alpha is grinning at Will. The alpha has green eyes and short brown hair with a leather jacket and jeans. He’s a younger alpha probably in his twenties. The has a tattoo of a hawk on his neck.

“Do you need to make a phone call, pretty boy?” he asks curiosity lacing his words along with amusement.

Will stuffs his hands in his pocket hunches his shoulders,”Um..no..it’s just so unusual to see these dinosaurs of technology. I just wanted to see if it still works.” the omega shrugs. Before Will can say another word, the young alpha is right beside him. The alpha leans in reaching around Will, actually caging the omega with his arms, as he picks up the receiver listening to the dial tone.

“Well how about that? It does work.” the alpha purrs near Will’s ear.

Will ducks out of the human cage heading down the hall walking backwards. The omega thumbs over his shoulder, “I gotta get back before my alpha misses me.” He turns running into Hannibal literally..

“Well speak of the devil.” says the young alpha leaning casually against the payphone.

“Yes. I will appear. I was wondering if you were lost,angel.” the older alpha says curling possessively around Will.

Will swallows. “There was a line.”

Hannibal hums in acknowledgement keeping his eyes on the other alpha. He subtly scents Will noticing, his scent is altered slightly. The other alpha has been close but not touching his omega.

“So Hannibal is this your new omega?” the younger alpha asks as he walks toward the couple. It is a saunter of a cocky young pediatr.

“Yes, Brown. He is. If I smell your scent close to him again. I’ll rip your throat out.” Hannibal’s voice is cold and control. Will’s eyes widen. HIs alpha could smell that this guy..Brown..stood too close to him...on the omega.That’s fucking crazy! Will trembles a little putting his face into Hannibal’s chest for appeasement and protection. His alpha strokes Will’s hair gently to calm him down.

“Hey now. That’s not friendly. Besides I didn’t touch what’s yours. Are you going to kill anyone who gets close to your omega?” Brown says baring his teeth.

“No, just you.” the older alpha says over his shoulder walking Will back to the table.

Will sits back down sliding over. Margot looks at him with a maternal concern. “Are you okay?”

Will looks briefly up at her as the nods. The omega looks visibly shaken. Beverly scowls," Brown again?" she asks

Hannibal nods with an angry growl, causing Will to tremble a little more ducking his head down. The omega feels a rush of hormones as he tries not to panic. 'These bonds are no fucking joke', he thinks. The omega feels Hannibal's anger coursing through it. All Will can seem to do is react to the onslaught by pushing panic back because he is gripped by it.

Beverly coughs nodding in Will's direction. The alpha looks at Will, who seems to be having a panic attack. His eyes are closed, breathing hard,head ducked and small quiet whimpers of distress. Hannibal wills himself to tamp down the anger so he can gentle his omega out of this state. The alpha puts his arm around Will pulling his omega close. Hannibal puts his head on top of Will's curls caressing the back of his neck.

Will's breathing calms and he relaxes into Hannibal. The omega is not sure if it is Hannibal's displeasure he is reacting to or coming off the introduced heat that is making him feel so fragile. Will just wants to leave and go to a safe place but that is dictated by his alpha now. Hannibal is home. A realization that inspires emotions too muddled to identify which one is dominate.

Biology is always fucking his life up, so for once Will lets it help him. The omega lets the alpha's pheromones work to calm his heart and mind down.

"Are you Okay?" a whispered question in his curls.

The omega merely nods yes. Will is aware he will need to come out of Hannibal's embrace facing the looks of the others. He dreads it but no time to be a coward. The omega raises his head peeking around. The booth holds them as the only occupants. Thankfully Bev and Margot has left.

Will clears his throat."Where did everyone go?"

“Here drink this.” Hanibal hands him a new soda.Will drinks half of it down in what seems one gulp.

“The others are riding a couple of towns over. We’ll meet them tomorrow morning. There’s a motel near by we can stay at.” the alpha informs him. He gives Will a long look while rubbing his chin with his finger. “I told you not to speak to anyone.”

“No. You said stay close and go nowhere without permission. Which I did. That alpha Brown approached me. I was heading back to the table.” Will’s eyes are focused on the bubbles and bobbing ice in his glass. The omega wishes he could sink below the surface of the beverage hiding from view. Instead his rests his head on his hand enduring the stare of his alpha.

“Okay. I didn’t say that explicitly. I hoped it was implied but I was mistaken apparently. This is a different cultures than the one you are from, here power and dominance rule. The more you have, the more you have to defend because some outfit is always looking to take it away. “

“So I am a status symbol? If someone wants to ...say….make you look weak...another alpha would what…. steal me?”

Hannibal takes another bite from the few chips left and drinking his beer down. Beverly is right. The omega is a clever boy. That could be put to good use, if he can trust Will.

“Yes. Brown could use you as an excuse to start a war.A war, which he would lose, on the off chance he is able to kill me, all the territory...everything would be his. Any members left alive would have to work for him, all assets become his...and even you...he would have a right to claim you.”

“Is Brown a major player?” Will asks his eyes have drifted around the bar. Taking note of all the different outfits swimming in the ocean of leather. There were hardly any fishes among the sharks swimming around. He notices Brown is looking at him with that lopsided smile. The omega looks down hoping his gaze did not linger too long to give an invitation.

“No. He’s a young ambitious pup looking to move up quickly. I just don’t like him.” Hannibal growls looking in Brown’s direction who raises his mug in a mock toast.

“He just likes what he sees. Like any young alpha, he acts like he have any omega he looks at.” Hannibal's eyes darken as he takes in Will’s anglic face. The omega runs his hand across his forehead.

“Headache?”

“Yea. I need my glasses.”

“Here take these and I’ve got your glasses stored outside. Why were you so long at the bathroom?” Hannibal hands the omega a bottle of aspirin. Will takes a couple handing the bottle back.

“There was a line. When I came out, there Brown was coming down the hall.He passed very close. I was heading back when I ran into you..literally.” the omega mumbles hoping he sounded somewhat contrite for the delay. At least the fear and anxiety were genuine.

Darkness lurked in the younger alpha. Unfortunately, Will is attracted to the darkness as much as he lures those with darkness into his orbit. The omega draws them to him, like an inescapable gravitational pull keeping them locked in place. Will muses who is really is a prisoner of this strange attraction him or them.

Will discerns which people possess this dark stain for violence instantly. Many members of the Stagmen has a stain which vary in shades of grey. . No one is as dark as the lead alpha, Hannibal expect possibly Hobbs with Miggs a close runner up.

“I am sorry I caused you so much trouble. I didn’t understand. You can explain things to me. I am not a brainless object or a kid who needs to be shielded from the truth. The more I know the less likely I’ll put us in a tight spot.” the omega says looking at the alpha through his lashes. He’s doing his best to act like an omega who wants to please his alpha. Will does fear the may really become one especially with this bond. It wraps itself around his mind like a

tangle of red string with the end held in the palm of the alpha's hand. Does Hannibal feel this too? Maybe he should ask sometime.

Hannibal nods." You are right. I need to explain better. I accept your apology. Let's go." the alpha holds out his hand which Will takes. They walk out with several pairs of eyes following them.

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

a tiny update..I've not forgotten this story

Will looks around the dark paneled motel they are staying at for the night. No it's not even called a motel, it's a motor lodge with a biker bar across the street. 'How convenient.' Will thinks. He wonders if he could feign being tired to avoid going over there with Hannibal. After the last encounter, the omega decides maybe he needs to be more cautious. The omega is tired as well as sore ,especially his ass and thighs from sitting on the bike all day.' I guess it's like riding a horse, something to get used to.' Will winced rubbing his palm in circles on his ass working out the soreness.

Hannibal comes in with an amused smirk on his face as he watches his omega massage his cute ass.

"What are you looking at?" grumbles the omega glaring at the alpha.

The alpha chuckles. "Your ass sore? Yeah it will be that way for a while. I could help you out. massage it out for you?"

Will looks at him his lips in a slight pout as the continues to rub. "Why not."

"Well, I feel honored that you are letting me." raising an eyebrow as he bows slightly. The alpha walks toward his bag to dig out a litment.

"As you should be ." the omega comments as he lays his glasses on the night stand. He jumps when he feels a slap on his sore rear.

“Hey!”

“That’s for being cheeky. Now take your pants off and lay on your stomach.” Hannibal opens the jar with a petroleum jelly looking substance in it.

“You alpha’s are all the same. Take your pants off and get on your stomach.” snarks the omega in an octave lower voice.

He sits on the bed removing the boots then his pants he throws on the other bed. The omega lays on top of the hideous bedspread. He feels another slap on his other cheek. This time it feels more playful than the first. Will looks at the alpha who is trying to look seriously at him. Will rolls his eyes laying his chin on his crossed arms.

Hannibal warms his hands then he takes out some salve rubbing it gently on the omega’s thigh first. He uses long and short strokes working on the tightness of the muscle. It’s a little hard to focus on the task at hand. His eyes moves appreciably along Will’s body.The boy stirs something in him. Then Will groans and moans in the most pornographic way. The sound makes Hannibal stop for a secound. The alpha scoops up more salve starting on the the other thigh.

“That feels so good. You have very talented hands...Hannibal.” Will purrs out his eyes closed in bliss.

Hannibal concentrates on the omega’s thighs for a while till sliding his hands underneath Will’s briefs. Will opens one eye waiting for the inevitable innocent massage to turn into a groping session. After a few moments, the omega is surprised the alpha is still dutifully massaging. Will’s eyes drift upwards looking at the mirror behind the tv stand facing the bed. Will watches his mate who has the look of a clinical professional expression on his features. He is not sure if the oemga should feel insulted or relieved that nothing else has been attempted.Hannibal looks up at the omega their eyes lock for a moment as fire and water.

There is a knock at the door, they hear a muffled Beverly informing them, the group is heading over to the bar. Then several pairs of boots echo walking away. Hannibal looks at Will through the mirror.

“Are you hungry?”

“Not really. More tired than anything. Can I stay here?” the omega asks.

Hannibal looks at him intently.

“I’ll be good and stay in the room. You could bring me something to eat if you are worried.” Will twist his torso so he can look at the alpha in the eye.The omega can tell the alpha is deciding how much trust he can place in Will. Will smiles and bates his lashes causing Hannibal to guff out an amused laugh.

“Please!”

“Okay..do not leave and if I find out you’ve snuck out….”

“I know...I’ll be in deep trouble. I am really too tired to be up to no good, Hannibal.” the omega notices when he says the alpha’s name, the man’s eyes soften in affection. It sends a thrill through the omega for making his alpha happy and a warm feeling through the bond as well.

“I’ll bring you something to drink and eat. I won’ be late. Lock the door.”

“I will. Can I ask one more favor?”

“Yes?”

“I know this sounds strange but can I call my dad?”

“Of all the things to ask Will. Why? He sold you?”

“Yeah and you bought me. We have a complicated relationship. I’m not going to tell him where I am..I just wanna see how my dogs are. Please..?”

Hannibal crosses his arms and tilts his head. Hobbs told him there were like ten dogs or so at the Graham place. All pets...no guard dogs. He sighs in acquiesce. The alpha takes his cell out of his jacket pocket. It’s a burner so he can always change it out if it becomes compromised. Hannibal tosses it onto the bed beside the omega.

“Thanks Hannibal. I truly appreciate it.” the omega smiles laying his head back down on his arms his head turned toward the alpha.

The alpha grunts making sure the door is locked as he shuts the door. He’ll sit near a window keeping a look out. The alpha hopes nothing happens where he’ll have to truly punish the omega.

Will waits till the hears the alpha leave the door. He closes the slide bolt, like it would actually stop someone who was determined to get in. The omega picks up the cell phone. Before he dials, he peeks through the brown curtain and the looks around. Nobody.

The omega dials the phone waiting as it rings chewing on his nails. Will’s getting down to the quick on a couple of them.

“Come one. Come on.” he mumbles under his breath as he paces in a small tight circle.

“Vice. Lt Devon speaking.”

Hannibal slides into a booth with Beverly again. Margot is at the bar ordering something.

“Where’s the old ball and chain?”

“He’s tired and his ass is sore.From riding.” Hannibal says as Bev smirks at him nodding her head.

“I am tired too. Going get something to go.”

“What’s the plan?”

Hannibal lights a cigarette blowing silver smoke in the air. One of the few locations that doesn’t give a rats ass if anyone smokes there. The alpha leans his head into his hand. He cracks his neck ashing his cigarette on the table.

“We are going into gather information and report. No actions is suppose to be taken.”

Beverly looks at Hannibal with a look of incredibility on her face.

“Does the mother fucking..fed..”she whispers” know who and what you are? You are not a man that doesn’t take action.”

The alpha takes another drag expelling some more smoke.

“Normally i am not a man of no action. Tomorrow I will be. We need to crawl as far up Mason’s operation as we can go. Then when the feds make their move we make ours. We swoop in taking the connections and territory all the while Uncle Sam foots the bill.” he smirks.

“Are you going to tell Will?”

“Whay pray tell would I tell him Bev?”

“What we are doing...or why we are..Don’t you think he needs to know of the danger.”

“No.”

“No? Seriously?”

“Yes. No seriously. The less he knows the better. The more authentic he will act and I am there to watch out for him.” Hannibal says as he looks at a menu.

“Hannibal.You’re not using the kid as bait or commodity are you?”

The alpha doesn't’ answer or acknowledge the question. Margot comes to the table with drinks and Bev frowns shaking her head at the omega. She turns and walks to the table where Zeller and Price are sitting.

“Boss...are you?” she asks her face drawn in concern.

“Yes..He is a decoy..Something to haggle with Mason over as well as to show him the kind of merchandise his customers will want. It’s a ruse Bev to get in good with the psycho.”

“What about Will? Mason will want to sample him. Are you going to let that happen?” Bev’s voice raises.

“No I am not. Even I did or need to, it’s none of your business what I do with my omega.” Hannibal growls looking over the menu. His voice says the conversation is over. Bev gets up going to the find Margot. Hannibal goes back to the menu. Then decides he may have a liquid dinner.

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

there maybe some OC occurrence happening here. But that's the beauty of an AU..right?

The white static noise, from the TV, hisses between burst of noise from channels Will stops on to reject.He then clicks onto another one. He finally settles on some game show for noise to cover Hannibal's snoring. Apparently one of the consequences for his alpha "tying one on" is snoring. Loud..Constant snoring..a barrage of sounds that doesn't stop no matter what position the alpha sleeps.

Will knows. He knows because he has roused the alpha all night to change positions to no avail. The snoring continues, if Hannibal is on his stomach, his back,his side or elevated. When Will has been able to sleep he dreams of weed eaters and lawn mowers. True better than the usual onslaught of death and mayhem that is normal for the omega. But there is something to be said for the quietness about death that Will feels he hasn't fully appreciated till now. The alpha also sleeps like the dead because out of spite, Will has tried to wake him up. If the omega is going to be up from lack of sleep,then by God, his tormentor will suffer as well.

The omega succeeds in waking the alpha but that is all. Hannibal just goes back to sleep. Will rolls his eyes covering his ears when the alpha makes a loud snort.

"That's it!" grumbles Will.

The omega gets up from the bed. He throws on a t shirt,jeans and sneakers. He looks through one of the saddle bags finding a smaller collar, as well as his glasses. Will takes the other off, he feels a tad bit of guilt for not asking the alpha permission but the can't stand the one the has on now. It cuts into his jaw and collarbone. He places the smaller collar around his neck.

"Much better." Will mumbles as he smooths the collar against his neck.

The omega leaves Hannibal a note. Placing his glasses on his nose, the omega adjusts them as he slips quietly out the door.He heads across the street to get some breakfast. The bar is quiet when Will opens the door. A couple of employees are chatting at the bar while filling salt and pepper shakers. He slides into a booth taking a menu.

When the waitress comes over, Will orders coffee with bacon and eggs. She nods as she continues writing down the order heading toward the kitchen. The omega scrubs a hand down his face before staring at the empty bench opposite him. His glasses set sideways across his face, he moves them back and sighs. The omega is enjoying the relatively quiet of the bar until someone slides into the seat opposite him. It takes the omega a moment before his eyes focus, then he realizes he has a uninvited guest.

It's the young alpha biker from the other night. He has a lopsided smirk on his face. Green eyes dance in mischief finding the attractive omega alone without his alpha nowhere in sight. Will groans as he rolls his eyes pushing his glasses higher up on his nose.

"Aren't you happy to see me? I didn't know you wear glasses. Makes you look all teachery." Matthew wiggles his fingers at Will.

Will looks at the alpha. "Teachery? I don't think that's even a real word is it?"

"I spoke it, therefore it must be a real word." laughs Matthew Brown.

"Whatever,dude. Why are sitting here? There are plenty of other seats." Will waves a hand showing the tables without customers.

"But none have you."

"My point exactly. I don't need any trouble with my alpha."

Before Matthew can answer, the waitress returns with Will's coffee. The omega nearly moans just from the smell but refrains. Matthew asks the waitress for a cup of coffee as well.

"I am not here to cause trouble with your alpha" Matthew's eyes have concern in them. "Does he hurt you? There are ways to get out of a bond you know."

Will stares at Matthew over his coffee his face feels flushed. He's uncomfortable with the attention and a little miffed what the alpha is implying.The omega lowers his cup staring at the alpha.

"I am fine. He's fine." Will says looking at the wall denoting that topic was closed.

"Okay..where is he?"

"Not far. Why are you talking to another alpha's omega, Burt?"

"Burt?" a laugh barked disrupts the quiet of the room. People turn and look at the source.

"Yeah, isn't that your name? Burt, Buster, Butterscotch...something like that?" Will smirks when the senses the disappointment of the younger alpha.

"It's Brown, Matthew Brown, doll."

"Oh, are we in a old Noir film? My name is not doll or honey or sweetheart." Will snarls out.

"Point taken, Will. No more pet names."

"I am nobody's pet."

Matthew just smiles lacing his hands around his coffee mug.The waitress returns with Will's breakfast placing it before him. She tops off the coffee then returning to the bar. Will watches her lean over the bar talking with the bartender. The omega moves his eyes to the plate. His appetite has disappeared. The omega stabs his eggs with conviction, not letting the alpha see how his presence affects Will. It's all about playing the game. He takes a bite, eyes still resolutely on his plate.

Matthew clears his throat. The alpha chuckles when he sees Will continue to ignore him. 'Stubborn' the alpha muses. He clears it again. Will looks up at him over his eye glasses. His blue eyes flashing in irritation.

"How well do you know your alpha?"

Will sits back in a huff. The omega continues to chew looking at the alpha. He swallows then wipes his mouth with a napkin.The omega stares at Matthew a few more moments. Will is contemplating why the alpha wants to know about his relationship with Hannibal. Will feels like a double meaning is hidden in his question. It feels like more than just interest in the omega himself. The alpha is fishing for something but what?

Instead of asking what the alpha's game is, he gives a long suffering look and sigh.

"Get to the fucking point. I am not playing twenty questions with you." He shakes his curls crossing his arms in front of him. Tensing in anticipation of what may be revealed or asked.

"Your alpha is one bad ass mother fucker. He's involved in all types of illegal activities. But what really should concern you is that he is making an alliance with Mason Verger. That crazy asshole deals in omega trafficking."

Will's eyes widen as his eyebrows shoot up. He continues to look at the alpha not breaking eye contact, even though it physically hurts, so he can suss out any deception quickly.He feels nothing but sincerity. Fuck..

“You are telling me this because you are an innocent businessman or a concerned citizen?”

“Hell no! I am telling you because I am selfish. I don’t want to see you sold into slavery. You’ve got something about you that makes you special.Maybe some day you’ll show me.”

There is a pregnant pause before Will speaks again. “Don’t hold your breath. Why would Hannibal sell his mate into slavery? You sound like you’re making shit up to stir the pot.”

“Well let’s say this has happened before. He sold his sister. Why wouldn’t he sell you? Just sayin’. Hate to see that happen to you. Here. Take this.” Matthew hands a card toward Will. Will looks at him with disbelief. Before the alpha lays it down, he looks Will in the eye.

“I am trusting you. Don’t fuck things up for me.”

Will gives him a questioning look while Matthew lays the card face down. The alpha smiles sliding out of the booth heading towards the door. The omega looks at the card for a few moments. Curiosity getting the better of him, he picks it up turning it over.The omga feels a tingle run down his spine to his toes.

Matthew Brown, DEA officer

“What the fuck?!” he whispers.

The omega looks around stuffing the card down in his jeans pocket. He throws some money on the table. Will heads quickly out the door. He looks around seeing no one around in the parking lot, he heads back over to the motel room.The omega stuffs his hands in his jeans pocket grasping the card.Will slows his walk getting a hold of himself. It wouldn’t be wise to walk into the room looking guilty. He has nothing to feel culpable about but this information weighs on him. The omega side argues he must tell his alpha.

Will guesses that the DEA is investigating the drug trafficking aspect of Hannibal’s operation.It was risky for Brown to reveal himself to Will. The omega of his suspect. Will

could blow his cover or worse yet, Brown could be murdered.Will runs his hands through his hair as he approaches the door. Will stops taking in a calming breath. For now, he'll hold on to this information, keeping it close to the vest. He'll see what Hannibal is intending to do with him.

The omega opens the door to hear the water running in the bathroom. Will goes to the tiny coffee pot starting the room's complimentary coffee. He feels a tad regretful. He should have brought breakfast for Hannibal. Will pauses, how is he going to explain the other alpha's scent on him. Hell it's barely detectable but Hannibal with his fucking super nose. Fuck it, the truth is best in a pinch anyway. He sighs.

The water stops. Will feels his heart stutter. Why is he afraid? Could Brown be telling the truth about the alpha selling his sister? Will walks back to the bed sitting on the edge. The omega stares absently at the TV while he listens to Hannibal in the bathroom. Will turns to look at the alpha when he emerges from the bathroom. All tan muscle with tattoos and scars wrapped around Hannibal like a badge of honor. It makes him squirm as heat pools at his pelvis.

"Like what you see?" Hannibal smiles as he rubs himself down with a towel.

"In fact I do." says the omega followed by a blush and eyes going back to the tv.

He hears a growl from the alpha as he smirks. Will feels the alpha's hand card through his hair. Will leans his head against Hannibal's thigh gently nuzzling the rough towel there. It feels good. Despite all the events going down, it feels good to be close to the dangerous alpha.The omega feels a tug of longing in his chest. Will's not sure if it is love or lust this longing but he doesn't really care at the moment.

Will moves his hands up under the towel as he continues to nuzzle the alpha's thigh. His hands massage Hannibal's thigh sliding from front to back. The skin feels so good when the omega touches it, slightly damp and cool. The muscles are pulled taut in anticipation. Hannibal moans as his hands card through Will's hair. They caress down to Will's neck around to his cheeks and jaw. Will pulls the towel off looking at the alpha through his lashes.

Hannibal's eyes are dark, his cheeks slightly ruddy and his lips parted as he looks down at his omega. Will wraps his fingers around the base of Hannibal's almost hard cock. He tugs then licks the side, going back to the root then his tongue sliding up underneath the shaft. The alpha moans and groans with each flick of Will's clever tongue. The omega's clever tongue circles to the head dancing over the slit. Will engulfs Hannibal's cock all the way down to the root. His head bobs up and down. Will's hair is given a hard tug and pull. Hannibal pants as Will moans sending vibrations up the alpha's cock.

The alpha pulls his cock out. He grabs Will underneath his jaw with both hands, he pulls the omega up into an open kiss. Will returns the relentless exploration as he struggles to pull off his shirt. Hannibal breaks free so he can unfasten Will's jeans. Will grabs Hannibal in another kiss as he struggles out of his pants and underwear that has been shoved to his ankles.

Hannibal grabs the omega's ass with both hands. He then throws Will on the bed grabbing his clothing impediment. He throws the offending garment onto the floor. Will laughs as Hannibal growls crawling onto the bed. The alpha's head drops as his tongue licks it's way up the omega's body. Along the way to Will's lips, the alpha nips and plants gentle kisses.When he finally reaches his destination, the takes Will's mouth caging him inside his limbs. Hannibal settles his weight onto his omega. Their bodies rub and slide together as sweat starts pooling in dips of flesh. Hannibal takes both their cocks in large calloused hands pulling them together.

Will closes his eyes enjoying the feeling of building orgasm. The omega pulls the alpha down nibbling on Hannibal's earlobe. Sucking and twisting it with his tongue as though it was a cherry stem the is tying into a knot. Hannibal's growl vibrating down his and Will's body as he increases his hand's pace. The alpha closes his eyes, as he and Will's breath become quicker. His pulls more erratic until Will comes followed by himself. The omega pulls the alpha close latching onto his neck in a kiss.

They kiss soft and gentle as they come down from their haze. Their breathing evens out into quiet pants and sighs. Will snuggles underneath his alpha's arms. Hannibal rubs his forehead chuckling.

"I guess I'll need another shower."

"We can save time and water. Take one together." Will smiles looking up at Hannibal. Hannibal returns the smile.

“Sounds good. This was a good..unexpected. You are full of surprise, Will. What brought this affection this morning?”

Will shrugs. “I forgot to bring you breakfast.”the omega smiles wide when the sees Hannibal’s eyebrows shoot up. Hannibal laughs.

“Well you can forget it as often as you like. Just as long as you make restitution...pleasurable ones.”

“I’ll keep that in mind.” smirks Will. “What are we doing today?”

“I’ve got a business meeting. We’ll be heading out of here in a few hours.” Hannibal reaches for a cigarette lighting one up. He takes a long pull then smoke billows out into the room.

For a few minutes all Will can hear is the cracking of the cigarette with their breathing. The TV's volume barely turned up to be heard. Will shivers from the cooling sweat. Hannibal pulls up a blanket covering them.

“Why don’t you get some sleep. I know you didn’t get any last night.”

“You ain’t fucking kidding. Next time you get that drunk, I want separate rooms.”

“I’ve got some ear plugs you can borrow.”

Will feels a deep rumbling chuckle. The omega playfully glares up at the alpha.

“Would have been nice to have them last night.”

“Sorry.”

“I have a feeling you're more amused at my misery than sorry bout it.”

Hannibal shrugs smiling taking another drag off the cigarette. Will sighs as the lays his head back down on the alpha’s chest. He grumbles about insensitive alpha’s until he falls asleep.

Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

> Sorry about the lengthily updates guys. That's what happens when life busts in and you've got too many stories in the fire. Anyway...not beta as usual.

Hannibal emerges from the bathroom later with an unfurling of steam after his second shower.He observes Will packing their clothes in the saddle bag. He walks up behind the omega.The alpha smirks encircling Will in his arms. The omega is fully dressed in the clothes the alpha has bought him. Hannibal decides Will should definitely wear leather more often.

The alpha rubs his nose below Will's ear. It sends a shiver down the omega's spine with a giggly huff of air. The omega draws his shoulders up as the wiggles to get free from the tickling sensation. Will smiles throwing his arms around Hannibal's shoulders.He moves to place a soft kiss on the alpha's lips. Right before their lips touches, the hotel room door flies open. It hits Will into Hannibal.

The alpha twist to face the threat throwing the omega to the ground. The omega lands on his side with a hard thud. Two police officer in tactical gear grab Hannibal. His towel falls to the floor when the press him to the wall putting handcuffs on the struggling alpha. One has a taser which the beta uses on the wet alpha. Hannibal stands quivering before the office lets go of the trigger. Hannibal falls to the ground.

Will yells an onslaught of profanities while another alpha officer grabs the omega pulling him out of the room. The officer turns Will toward the cruiser then his chest hits the trunk of the car.Will feels hands move up and down his body as the alpha checks him for weapons. The alpha hands move and cup his ass. Will yells out indignantly that the officer needs to watch where he puts his hands. The alpha merely smirks murmuring a half hearted apology as he puts handcuffs on the omega.

They bring Hannibal out clad in only in jeans. No shirt or shoes toward off the cold, the cold doesn't affect the alpa much. He witnesses the altercation between Will and the officer. Hannibal breaks free from the two officers barreling into the offending alpha bringing the officer down. It takes four alpha officers to pull Hannibal off the other alpha. Will fills an

omega pride that Hannibal is his apex alpha. They wrestle Hannibal over to a van with the other gang members. Will and Margot, the only omegas, are taken separately to the police station.

Hannibal paces in the small interrogation room. It had taken two hours alone to find out where they had taken Will. Another hour to get some flip flops and a t shirt. Hannibal still hadn't had his phone call. The alpha will call Jack when he does get the phone call. The FBI agent owes him for all his work. He needs to bail Hannibal out of this trumped up charges.

The alpha flexes his fingers curling them into fists and then out again. All his alpha instincts are to rend and tear apart everyone in his way till the finds his mate. A weight on his chest makes him simultaneous anxious and angry that his mate is somewhere else. Some other alpha could be trying to claim him.Lure him away to his dwelling where Will would give him pups. The alpha growls low remembering the officer that had put his hand on something that was not his. Hannibal will get out and will make his displeasure felt by the other alpha.

He walks around the table throwing himself into the chair. The alpha folds his body putting his hands on his bent head rubbing it. Hannibal hears the door open and an older alpha comes into the room. He's mid fifties with gray at his temple. The face of a man who has aged before his time with deep worry lines. The policeman is dressed in a cheap suit...Hannibal calls it a cop suit. The alpha places a cup of coffee in front of Hannibal.

"It's fucking awful but it's something." The detective says as he groans sitting down. The older alpha runs a hand through his hair. Hannibal takes a sip grimacing at the taste.

"I am Lt Devon." the detective opens a manilla folder. "Looks like you are a busy man, Mr Lecter."

"Doctor."

"Excuse me?"

“I have a MD and a PHD. Please address me with the title of doctor.” the alpha smiles. Hannibal loves the look on people's faces when he tells them that little bit of information. People sit up and take notice. The alpa drags out his proper speech and etiquette he once employed everyday before he found the call of open road to hard to ignore anymore.

The lieutenant eyebrows shoots up and his nods his head impressed. “Well a very educated drug lord. Now that’s refreshing.”

Hannibal remains silent for a moment.His eyes glinting with appraisal of the other man.

“Know what we found among your possession as well as most of the other members?” Devon waits a beat before going on.

“Weed, X,uppers, downers and copious amounts of script meds. Unregistered firearms and explosives. Several of your companions have outstanding warrants. “ the alpha tilts his head looking at Hannibal. The doctor’s eyes gleam with what looks like pride.

“Apparently there is something you want, perhaps, a bigger fish? Yes? If that wasn't the case I would be arraigned on charges by now.”

Devon grins. “I see we are on our way to a cooperative effort. Now…”

“But” Hannibal raises his finger signal for the alpha to be quiet. “I want to see my omega..Now..” He points his finger down toward the table.

Devon sits back. “I could arrange that. He’s a pretty one. Gotta be a handful for an old dog like you. He’s headstrong and impetuous, I imagine.”

Hannibal growls glaring at the other man. The alpha doesn’t not like this swine talking about Will as though he knows him. After the slight from the alpha officer, Hannibal’s patience is wearing thin. His eyes pierce the alpha across from him. The chuckles and smiles at the other. This rude behavior amps up Hannibal’s anger.

Devon puts up his hand.”Okay..let me go get him.”

The older alpha gets up leaving the room. Hannibal paces for a moment waiting for Will to come in the room. The alpha expected Will to be brought in by another officer holding his arm. He expected the omega to be upset...possibly crying...needing the comfort of his alpha. Instead Hannibal watches as a smiling Will who walks in alone. The omega carries a notepad and bag that smells of cheap fast food. The omega wears a police badge that hangs by a chain around his slender neck. A neck that is not wearing Hannibal’s collar.

Will sets down the bag and pad of paper. He takes out a couple of sandwiches and fries looking down at what he is doing.

“Sorry about the wait and quality of food. It took sometime to get things straight so I could get you something.”

Will puts his thumb in mouth so he can lick off some stray ketchup. His blue eyes look up at Hannibal. Before the omega can move the alpha has him around the neck.

“Where.The .Fuck.Is. Your Collar. William?” he hisses in the omega’s ear. Will doesn’t move a muscle out of instinct. The predator has him by the neck and his teeth bared. Hannibal feels Will’s adam’s apple bob when the omega swallows. The door suddenly opens revealing the handsy alpha officer from this morning. Hannibal growls in warning which the other returns.

Will throws out his arms in an attempt to stave off the alphas from attacking each other.

“Whoa! Back off! Both of you!”

“Do you need help Detective Graham?!” asks the officer

“It’s Lecter you asshole!” growls Hannibal

The other alpha ignores him looking at Will. Will looks at Hannibal in the eyes look pointly at the placement of his hands. Hannibal drops his hands. The alpha moves to sit down in the seat.

“No officer Perkins. I can get it from here.” Will sits down. He watches the other alpha close the door. The omega looks at Hannibal as he crosses his arms across the surface of table.

“Aren’t you happy to see me Daddy? Safe and sound?” The omega's voice lilts up at the end of the sentence. He gives the alpha an innocent look batting his eyelashes.

“I would never have pegged you for a cop.” the alpha snorts tearing off the sandwich wrapper. He’s hungry enough to eat cold greasy fast food.

“That’s the whole point.I told you I wasn’t lying when I said I am twenty four. At least you weren’t having sex with a minor.Everything else is questionable.” Will rolls his eyes.

Hannibal chews wiping his mouth taking a drink of the coffee. “The other guy who sold you. I take it he is not your dad?”

Will chuckles rubbing his hand across his chin looking at Hannibal through his lashes. Hannibal thinks how fucking unfair life can be. Here he finally takes an omega for a mate. An intelligent gorgeous omega who turns out to be a fucking cop. A detective in vice.The alpha reluctantly feels pride for Will to have advanced quickly at his age in the department. The omega must be gifted. Hannibal finishes his sandwich looking at Will.Will pushes his curls away from his face.

“Nope my dad passed away a long time ago. The man is the officer in charge. I am working vice till I can move up to homicide investigation.My youthful face looks, as well as being an omega, gives me an advantage in undercover work.”

“So where is it?”

Will ignores the question as he continues on with an explanation of the turn of events. He was not exactly feeling too guilty about the deception he had to maintain. Well, he was trying to avoid the feeling but failing at that. The omega felt compelled to tell the alpha the truth.

“Things did not go as planned from the get go.The department is getting a lot of heat because of my gender. Also someone leaked out that I was sold, then kidnapped and forced into mating by a known criminal alpha.I wonder who that could be?” Will looks at Hannibal. The alpha just shrugs.

“So..the collar?”

Will gives an exasperated smile then shakes his head. Alphas.

“That’s another situation you and I will have to discuss because there are several options we can choose. But now..you are facing...human trafficking, kidnapping an omega, assaulting an officer, resisting arrest, drug possession, intent to sell, illegal firearms...shit Hannibal..we could send you away for life. That doesn’t count for federal charges but I think you’ve got your get out of free card there with Agent Jack Crawford. He’s on his way here by the way.”

“Has he explained our agreement and what it entails?”

Hannibal takes Will’s small hand in his. He memorizes every bump and vein on it. The alpha admires the slender fingers even with his nails are bitten off.Hannibal feels an unexpected tightness in his chest. Will could dissolve legally the bond they have. There are several drugs counteract the virus that has infected the omega.

When an alpha bites an omega breaking the skin he gives the omega the virus. The virus changes the brain by creating chemicals to heighten feelings of love toward the alpha.The virus seems to give both parties a connection.Why the couple experiences each others feelings, has yet to be discovered.

This breakthrough of finding the virus has lead to research for an antiviral medication to cure the bonding virus. If the bond has been established over years, there is nothing the medication can do. Alpha’s often reinfect the omega when they reopen the bonding mark drawing more blood. This instinctual process strengths the bonding virus. If the antiviral is given within a year,the success rate of ridding the omega of the infection is almost hundred

percent. The drug is very expensive for an individual to purchase. In certain cases when bonding has been forced, law enforcement agency, omega advocacy programs and the medical community can arrange for the omega to receive the medication.

Since Will works in law enforcement, his access to the medication is easy. Hannibal wonders of Will thought of this when he was sold to biker. The alpha runs through his mind palace to that day. The recall Will's face. The emotion of fear was genuine.The omega being sold seems was not part of the operational plan.

The alpha looks up at Will's face.

"Were you sold on purpose? That may be considered entrapment."

"No. That was a spontaneous decision made by my dad." the omega uses air quotes.

"My job that day was scout the area for drugs and alcohol being sold to minors. As an omega." Will's hand points to himself. " I am not considered a threat or sometimes I am not regarded at all.This animity allows me to go most anywhere. My partner was going to use the sale as leverage to pressure you into giving information about the drug trade in the area. The human trafficking has been under investigation for a while now. Which brings me to the point of what is your business with Mason Verger?"

"I would rather wait till Jack arrives to discuss this with you."

Will taps his pen against the notepad as the seems to be considering the alpha. The throws the pen down and crosses his arms.

"I really hope it didn't involve selling me or sharing me with said individual. Especially since the man is know to be quite the sadist. I think that would change my opinion of you."

Hannibal cocks an eyebrow. "What is your opinion of me, William?"

Will smiles. They are interrupted by the inopportune arrival of Jack Crawford.

Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

I know..I know..I know! It has been ages since I have updated this bad boy! But I have not forgotten it or abandoned it! So for #SummertimeSlick fest, I am going to finish it!...Hopefully...barring any foreseen problems...disclaimer as always..but really there isn't too much from the actual end.So without further ado...

Give @emptyheart lots of love..she picked up beta from here on...so any crazy stuff in the beginning with grammar and such is all me...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A brisk knock made the couple jump. The door opened and Jack Crawford came into the room. He nodded to Hannibal and stuck his hand out to Will.

“I am special Agent Jack Crawford.”

“I am Officer Will Graham...Lecter.” Will added the Lecter on after Hannibal almost snarled at him. He pointed to a seat for the Agent to take.

Once all settled, there was a moment of silence as the men took stock of one another. Will was thankful, for once, that it was an all alpha posturing. He felt on equal footing with the older men. He cleared his throat.

“I understand you and Hannibal have an agreement in place?”

Jack nodded in agreement. He leaned forward as though he was taking Will into his confidence. “Yes. We approached Hannibal with a deal for immunity for himself and witness protection for his sister Mischa. Dr. Lecter is in the unique position to gather information on Mason Verger.”

“The Pig King?”

“Yes. He is also a major player in drugs and gun runner. We are mainly interested in his human trafficking operation. He mainly takes omegas to sell.”

“Are you leaving the drugs and guns for the DEA? I met one of their undercovers recently.”

Crawford’s eyebrows went up in surprise. “We knew they were keeping an eye on Verger, but I wasn’t aware of an operation in play. What’s his name?”

“Matthew Brown.”

“Brown?!” growled Hannibal

“Do you know him?” asked Crawford, already guessing the answer.

“Yes. He’s a wanna be punk. He’s been trying to muscle into my territory and he made a move on my omega.”

“Your omega is sitting right here. Don’t talk about me like I am not here when I am.” Will glared at Hannibal. Crawford watched the exchange with interest.

“Why didn't you tell me you mated a cop?”

“Because I was not aware of William's occupation,” the alpha growlled out.

“Not often someone pulls the wool over your eyes, Lecter.”

“Don’t remind me. I was distracted.”

Will snorted but before he can say anything, Hannibal placed a hand over his mouth.

“No further comment is needed. Oww!”

Hannibal pulled back his hand, hissing in pain as he saw the indentation of Will’s teeth in his palm. He put the wound to his own mouth, sucking on the mark.

“Do it again and next time you’ll pull back a nub, Hanni!”

“Alright, you two. Keep the lover’s spats at home. Here keep your head in the game!” Crawford held up his hands to signal an end to the argument before it heated up any further.

“What is your plan for Verger?”

“Dr. Lecter was to set up a deal for omegas for guns, drugs, or money. Then after the exchange, we come in arrest everyone. Once everything is settled Hannibal’s bikers are to be released. Those who wish witness protection are given it and those who decline are given immunity. The goal is to take Verger and his cronies out of circulation for good.”

Will looks at Hannibal, his eyebrow raised.

“I wouldn’t let him lay a hand on you ever, Will.”

“You better not.”

The group road onto the Verger estate with additional betas and omegas., all undercover DEA, and FBI agents, as merchandise for the party. Matthew Brown's group ride in moments later. The DEA and riders were working in tandem now but do not have to act as though like each other. Brown was having the time of his life throwing lusty looks at Will and pushing Hannibal's buttons. Hannibal vowed to take care of Matthew as soon as he can without being thrown into prison.

Will was too rattled from all the emotions crashing over his walls to notice either of the alphas. He was especially on edge once Mason Verger came on the scene. The man won't keep his hands to himself and Will's youthful appearance is like honey to the killer bee. Verger can't get enough. He actually requested a free sample of some sweet screams from Will. Hannibal flatly refused anything like that without some kind of agreement on the table. Will didn't feel any better with that little statement. He looked to Hannibal to communicate his displeasure, but the alpha's cool exterior gives nothing away. It dawned on Will how little he knows of Hannibal. *If Hannibal is willing to go this far for his sister, would he be willing to betray Will and the FBI if it meant saving her?* Will felt the answer was a resounding yes. It crushed something inside him. There was nothing to be done about it now. Will needed to be cautious and vigilant. He can only trust himself in this precarious situation.

Will shivered when he felt the shot in the neck and he looked over at Hannibal. His eyes filled with betrayal and then nothing because he felt nothing. It was like they were never bonded. There were medications that eliminated unwanted bonds but they took time and was a gradual process. For some omegas and alphas, the bonding chemicals never fully reversed, there was some residual bond. With this new formula Hannibal invented it was instantaneous, as though the mating never occurred, or worse yet, the bonded mate was dead. Will felt a dark void. He stumbled, grabbing his neck where Hannibal's teeth marks still were. The only thing that was left from their union. His eyes widened then Will squeezed them shut hard, willing himself not to cry or whine. Will needed to stay in control of his instincts and not give in no matter how overwhelmed he was.

"Well, now that answers the question of whether it works or not, doesn't it?!" Mason gleefully laughed, "Excellent! Now for the other test! Matty!"

Will's eyes open quickly as Hannibal growls, "What's the meaning of this?!"

“Well, just as we needed to test to see if this would dissolve a bond. We gotta see if a new bond can be formed, don’t we? Some of these alpha buying omegas, as crazy as this sounds, some of ‘em want to actually bond with them! Can you imagine?! Oh, there you are Matty!”

Matthew Brown sauntered through the door looking pleased with himself. Will was frozen by everything that was happening and looked into Matthew’s eyes. He knew then that Matthew was no longer working for the DEA. Matthew was a rogue agent working with Mason. Will backed up with the intention of running before one of Mason’s goons grabbed from behind. He began to struggle. Hannibal stepped forward growling but blocked by two of Mason’s men.

“Now Hannibal, you can’t tell me you care about this omega?! He was a toy. Something to experiment with, right? It shouldn’t bother you who I give him to as long as you get paid.”

“I don’t like my competitors getting anything that’s mine.”

“Well, he’s pretty yes, but it’s just sloppy seconds. Besides, he’s a cop, so who cares?!”

Mason’s voice goes from gleeful to deadly quietly as everyone becomes silent in the room. Will looks at Hannibal. *Oh, fuck!* Will begins to struggle harder as Matthew pulls out a pair of handcuffs. Before Hannibal pulls a punch, Mason’s men have a gun in his face.

“Don’t feel bad, Hanni! You’re the first to be fooled by a pretty face and great piece of ass. You won’t be the last. I am doing you a favor really.”

Hannibal watched coolly as Will’s struggles intensified as Matthew finally got his hands into the cuffs after Will receives a few punches for resistance. Mason laughed at the struggle, commenting on Will’s feistiness before Matthew threw him over his shoulder and carried him out the door.

Will groaned as Matthew’s shoulder dug into his stomach and his face throbbed. His head swung and he began to feel nauseous. Matthew started loping down the stairs and Will closed his eyes, taking in deep breaths and trying to will away how he felt so he could think about this situation. It had gone sideways so quickly. If only Hannibal had let them know what he

was truly selling Verger. He squeezed his eyes tight as tears fell. Will was a pawn this whole time. Hannibal planned this whole time to use him to demonstrate this formula.The alpha strengthened the bond so the break would be more severe, easier to see. *Did Hannibal know he was a cop this whole time?*

It didn't matter. None of that mattered now. He's got to let them know back at headquarters. They could be walking into a potential slaughter. A clever distraction for Hannibal slips away under the radar.

"Matthew...I think...I am ...going...to...get sick." Will said, his voice thick.

Matthew turned down a hall, stepping into a small room and turning on a light. It's a bathroom. He put Will in front of the toilet and lifted the seat. Once Will was finished being sick, he gave him water to swish his mouth out.

"How long?"

"How long have I worked with Mason?"

Will nods.

"About a year."

"Why? He's a pig...a monster."

Will's red-rimmed eyes pierce Matthew.

"Financial. I know boring, right. But I am tired of working for nothing. Everything we do doesn't change a damn thing."

“Then why are you bothering with me? You know I’m a cop?”

“Because I like you. I didn’t want Mason to sell you off to some alpha. Besides you know the saying, better the alpha you know than the alpha you don’t. Besides once bonded, you can’t testify against me.”

“You are not seriously going to try and bond with me are you?”

Not replying, Matthew picked Will up again and headed out the bathroom.

“Matthew! Answer me!”

“I am.”

“Matthew! You can’t do this! You don’t know what it will do to me!”

“Nope, but you’ll be mine.”

Will began to struggle anew in panic. It had felt like he was torn in two when Hannibal’s bond left him. To have another so soon after, he didn’t think he could take it. Matthew growled at him smacking him on the ass a few times, growling at him to settle. Will convinced himself that he needed to calm down to think. Will strained pulling himself up to look where they were heading. They were in some kind of tunnel then suddenly they were outside. It looked like they were at the edge of the property near the edge of the forest. Matthew’s bike was there along with a few of the other members of his club. One member looked up from his phone.

“Got what you came for?”

“Yea. Make the call.”

The man pushes a button. A voice answer and the bikers says, “It’s time” before hanging up. Matthew put Will’s feet on the ground, keeping a hand on him while he helps Will get on the bike. There was no point in struggling. Matthew could run Will down on the bike easily. Matthew slid behind him. They all started their motors when Will heard sirens in the distance. Will looked over his shoulder at Matthew.

“What can I say? I want it all.” he laughs as they take off in the night.

Chapter End Notes

Yes...short...but the ball is back in play!

Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

beta by @emptyheart with many thanks

Short but updated!

Present Day-Year After Verger Sting

Will walked slowly through the open market using his cream fedora as a makeshift fan. Sweat rolled from his temple past the collar of his light linen shirt to his collar bone. The gold tags winked when caught in the sunlight and clinked softly together when he moved. Will's other hand shoved into cream linen pants and grasped a few coins. He sighed, wiping the sweat from his clean shaven face. His eyes were bright blue in a bronze face with a smattering of freckles. His curls, shortened to where they were mere waves now, did nothing to help keep him cool. Will decided he had wasted enough time here and turned toward the direction of the docks where the alpha he belonged to was waiting for him.

Time was a funny thing. It could stop. It could go fast or slow. It was suppose to heal wounds and soften memory. However it could not reverse. It could not be undone. Once lost it was never gained again.

Will felt the passage of time deep within his bones and they ached. He hoped Hannibal ached as much, if not more than he did, because he deserved it. The first few months were the worst of Will's life. The chemical Hannibal had created to break alpha/omega bonds worked instantaneously but only lasted for a few months. Will often contemplated if this was an intentional flaw in the formula so that both parties would have to be exposed for permanent results or if this was a ruse to dupe Mason Verger. Will would have been the perfect patsy to take the drug, demonstrating its effectiveness before the police swooped in for the sting. Or was Hannibal's plan to take the money and run? Whatever the final plan was, Will was not privy to it.

Three Months After Verger Sting

Will's head rested against his arm as he leaned against the doorframe of the small cottage on the beach. He was looking out into the evening sky. His hip jutted out as his one leg crossed over the other. His toes curled in and out of the cool sand that was everywhere inside and outside the dwelling. The wind played with sun-kissed curls longer and wilder from days in the surf.

Will knew without a doubt that three months after feeling like he and Hannibal never shared a connection he felt something. Over the remaining months, the bond thrummed to life, sometimes lasting mere minutes, other times to weeks. It was pure torture. A limbo because Matthew's attempted bond was a broken connection that left Will with power surges of intense emotions. Sometimes Will wasn't sure whose emotions he was feeling; it could be his, Hannibal's, Matthew's or, hell, the people on the street. He felt more unsure and unstable than when he was a teenager with a gush of hormones.

The last few months were a living hell for Will, physically and mentally. Physically, because Matthew does not have the restraint and patience that Hannibal was gifted with. Even though Will amused the alpha, their arguments turned physical when Will pushed too far. One incident led to hospitalization for injuries, but Matthew took Will out before he was fully admitted. Will now walked with a limp due to his leg not healing correctly. Will's heat cycle was broken as he explained it. This was due to the drugs Mason gave Matthew to start his cycle for bonding. When the bond didn't work, Matthew decided to try them several more times. Then there was the physical withdrawal from being away from Hannibal, his bonded mate.

What Hannibal didn't realize or tell Mason was the drug worked on omegas, but for it to be effective the alpha needed to be injected by the drug as well. Without both connections broken then after a while the Omega could feel the old bond again. The bond was weak, but it was there. If another bond was introduced during this time, the connection was made to the alpha but it was maybe a half connection, or the Omega may experience a weak connection to the new alpha. So here they were both miserable. Will hoped Hannibal was fucking miserable as well because if anyone fucking deserved it. That bastard did!

Will missed Hannibal, dreaming of the alpha most nights. Most days they met in his stream, talking as Will fished and Hannibal cooked by the campfire. It did very little to quell the longing in Will's heart and sullen mood.

Will sighed, turning to place his back against the frame. He growled his frustration as the chain around his ankle rubbed and scraped the floor. He closed his blue eyes as his head thumped back on the door frame, scratching the teeth marks on his neck.

"If you keep doing that it'll get infected again," came Matthew's voice from inside the cottage.

Will flipped him a bird without opening his eyes or ceasing the scratching. A laugh was his answer to the gesture. Will amused Matthew a lot, which was a good thing considering Will continued to be his prickly sarcastic self.

Now, a year later, things were not any better physically or mentally for the broken omega, but Will was handling them better. Hannibal was firmly planted in the back of his mind. Pinning for the alpha was a slow death sentence and Will was no martyr, even though he often made decisions like one. At first, Will hoped and waited for word or something that Hannibal was looking for him or sending someone to fetch him back but nothing. So Will actively tried to reach Hannibal but was thwarted, recaptured and punished until Will accepted that he was not ever going to see his "mate" again. Their relationship was not real. It was a professional cover for an operation that was for Hannibal's own plans. He was duped as well as the government into helping Hannibal and then left high and dry.

Will's eyes flickered over the bleached stone architecture of the houses around the cobbled streets. How different it was from the streets where he was living with Matthew six months ago.

Six Months After Verger Sting

Will turned on his side. The mattress on the floor rustled with his movements. The floor was too hard and the mattress too lumpy for anyone to get comfortable, especially an omega. Will pulled the thin thermal blanket up closer to his chin, curling into himself for warmth.

The door banged open, startling Will fully awake. He sat up, rubbing his eyes and looking at the door. Matthew rushed through the doorway and grabbed Will's backpack up as he stuffed clothing into it.

"Are we leaving again?" Will asked around a yawn.

"No. We aren't, but you are."

"What?" asked Will, still sitting on the bed, looking in confusion at the alpha.

Suddenly, Matthew grabbed his arm and pulled Will off the bed, making him stumble up to standing as he pulled him through the door. Pissed off, Will tried to pull away but Matthew's grip was a vice like. He growled at Will. There was a car waiting outside the makeshift apartment building the couple were living in Thailand.

"What the fuck, Matt!"

"You're going with these men."

"What?! Why?!"

Will pulled back shaking his head. His heart leapt in his chest as his pulse picked up speed. Matthew stopped pulling Will close to him as he softly in his ear.

"Don't worry I'll get you back."

"Get me back?! Did you… sell me?!"

Will's eyes looked into Matthew's green ones and for once Matthew didn't insistent on eye contact.

"Not exactly."

"Not exactly?!? What does that mean?"

"I lost you in a poker game."

"You lost me in a poker game?! Like I was a car or something! You are unbelievable!"

Will jerked his arm away from the alpha and walked over to the car where it waited with the door open. Will climbed in with no hesitation. There was no one waiting inside for him. Will tucked the backpack against his chest like a shield. He didn't turn around to watch Matthew become smaller as the car drove away. Will wondered how many times Matthew had lost Will in card games before when they had gone on the run. This time the winner was smart enough to send someone to collect Will as soon as the game ended. Blue eyes skimmed the interior of the car. Whoever "owned" him now was wealthy, at least Will would be warm and his bed soft he hoped.

Will really missed Hannibal right then. He also really hated him as well. Was the alpha even looking for him? The longer Will was away from his mate the more he doubted Hannibal cared about him. Obviously, the bond on the alpha's end was weaker or broken completely otherwise he would have found Will by now, right? Will doubted the older man was looking by this point. A tear fell down his cheek which Will wiped away, tucking those thoughts away. He needed his head in the game now. Whomever, he was going to meet needed to like Will. It was tough enough for Will to be socially acceptable when he wasn't stressed, let alone when his life was on the line. The car stopped in front of a yacht. Will looked out the window, spying a person looking down from the top deck. Here goes nothing, he thought.

Will bristled slightly before he relaxes thinking about his new alpha " Le Chiffre " aka Jean Duran. At first, Will was furious with Matthew and Jean but with time, it was the best thing

to happen to him after Hannibal. Jean was a very dangerous and highly intelligent alpha; the only kind Will attracted. He was patient and there was no forced bonding. Jean could be cold and impersonal, their relationship could be viewed more as a business one rather than a personal one. This suited Will just fine. Passion had only led to trouble for Will in the past. Will provided companionship and sex; no bonding and no children. Jean, in exchanged, provided protection and everything Will needed or desired. Will was content these last six months. The desire to return home or to find Hannibal was just an old dream in the back of his mind. What was the point? Apparently, No one cared, right?

Will stopped abruptly, the hair raising on the back of his neck. He felt like someone was watching him. He huffed a laugh. Someone was always watching him. Jean's men, but this felt different.

Will smiled as his phone began to ring. He pulled it out, speaking French into it when the phone was knocked out of his hand by some kid on a bike. Then before he knew it something was thrown over his head and hands on him as he felt lifted up. Will thrashed and fought as he felt something slide into his arm. He was jostled and cursed as Will hit and kicked, making contact with soft areas before his limbs and eyes grew heavy. He knew he wasn't in a van. He smelt something familiar and comforting. Will growled and whined as everything slipped into darkness.

Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

> Well, this is the final chapter to this poorly neglected story. Beta by emptyheart...God love her..she's wonderful.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will woke up with a groan. He rolled over, thankful he wasn't restrained chemically or physically. He held his head in his hands for a moment before stumbling into the bathroom. The bathroom was clean and well stocked. It wasn't luxurious by any means but at least he knew he wasn't in a fleabag motel somewhere. It gave him a little hope that whoever kidnapped him might be decent to him. Will grunted at himself. It said a lot about your life when someone kidnaps you and you are not afraid of what they were going to do to you. That your biggest concern was they treated you decently enough while they had you before they sold you because they always sold him. Will wasn't meek enough for most alphas. Oh well, he was too old to change.

He splashed some cold water on his face then took a towel drying it off. Time to face the newest alpha. Pity, he really liked Jean, Will mused to himself. Will cautiously approached the door. Light from the other room showed through the slits in the door. It creaked slightly as he opened it to peer out. He's eyes and nose adjusted to the new surroundings. Will took a step in the room and froze. There sitting on the couch was Hannibal. Will hardly recognized the man, if it wasn't for his scent, he wouldn't have believed it was him. His hair was cropped short and slicked back. He no longer had any facial hair. Hannibal wore no leather or denim; instead, he was clad in linen and finely tailored silk. In the opposite chair was a casually dressed Jack Crawford. He alerted Hannibal to Will's entrance but Will was sure Hannibal already was aware of it.

Jack rose from his seat and left the room before Hannibal turned around to look at Will. Will gathered his thoughts and willed himself to move away from the bedroom door. He saw a bar a few feet to his right which he decided to take full advantage of. He picked up a tumblr and then opened a bottle of whiskey.

"Are you sure you should be drinking?"

“Are you sure you shouldn’t be?”

Will drank his whiskey in one gulp before he poured another two fingers. Hannibal slipped beside him. He took a tumbler then the open bottle beside Will’s arm. Will felt electricity jump from Hannibal to him when he brushed their skin together. Will’s eyes flicked up, finding maroon ones staring into his. He felt shy, suddenly dropping them to the bar. Will played with a water ring left behind from another drink.

“You look different.”

Will snorted. “You’re a fine one to talk. I only recognized you by scent.”

“I’d recognize you anywhere, Will. I do like this sun kissed look on you.”

Will felt a large hand tentatively glide up his neck. The fingertips brushed the barely there curls on his nape. He shivered before he took a step back, allowing Hannibal’s hand to drop away. Will knew that disappointed look on Hannibal’s face but what did he honestly expect after all this time from Will?

“Got a cigarette?” asked Will. He wandered over to the window as though he meant to go there.

A raised eyebrow was reflected in the window pane.The sky an indigo blue now.

“I’ll take that as a no then.”

Will turned, blue eyes bluer with the night sky behind them.

“I can get you some. When did you pick up this particular vice?”

Will watched as Hannibal reached down the bar and pulled an old fashioned corded phone to him. He picked up the receiver and waited a moment before speaking French quietly. He replaced the receiver, turning towards Will.

“You speak French. I didn’t know that but then again I don’t really know you do I?” Will’s voice was quiet with a tinge of regret. “In answer to your question…” Will shrugged moving in a lazy fashion back to the bar since the whiskey had kicked into his system, “...since Matthew ...a way to cope with anxiety and boredom... I suppose.”

“Ah, I see. Makes sense along with the increased drinking.”

Will raised his glass, his beverage sloshed over the side a tad as he toasted in Hannibal’s direction. Hannibal cleared his throat.

“I speak several languages in fact.”

“Well, you do have a talented tongue as I recall,” Will smirked, coyly.

Hannibal licked his lips but a knock on the door interrupted the flirtation. He crossed to the door and opened it a small crack. Hannibal accepted something from the person. He returned inside bringing with him a small package. Hannibal opened it to give Will a cigarette. He held the lighter igniting it. Will leaned in with the cigarette in his mouth and his fingers lightly touched Hannibal's that held the lighter. He leaned back drawing an inhale then releasing the smoke.

“Thanks.”

“Most welcome.”

Hannibal pocketted the lighter.

“For safe keeping?” Will gestured to the lighter.

“Yes. I’d rather not lose anything else.”

“It’s such a bitch when you have to find something you’ve lost. Like a shoe, a watch... a mate.”

Will took another drag letting the smoke curl out of his nose. He wondered if his eyes glowed like a dragon’s. He felt as dangerous as one. Will’s anger simmered beneath the surface. Hannibal must have sensed it because he looked contemplatively at Will. He jiggled the lighter in his pocket. It was the first sign Will saw that Hannibal was not as cool as he appeared.

“The situation escalated out of my control quickly. I was overly confident in my ability to manipulate Mason and the situation to go in the direction I planned.”

Will grabbed an empty tumblr to ash his cigarette. He pulled out a barstool, taking a seat and pouring himself another drink before refilling Hannibal’s as well. The older man took the stool beside him, picking up the glass and taking a drink before watching Will’s profile.

“What was the mother fucking reason you didn’t tell your MATE... YOUR OMEGA... about this formula that you planned on giving me?”

“I wanted… I needed a genuine reaction to sell it to Mason.”

“Well congratulations! You got one. If you had trusted me. Maybe, just maybe I could have sold it anyway... we could have gotten Mason and his thugs. Just for shits and giggles I wouldn’t have been kidnapped, forcibly bonded, raped and given away like a piece of meat.”

“I did not anticipate Matthew’s involvement was that deep with Mason.”

“For such an intelligent man you are so fucking stupid! You're not God Hannibal! You can’t even say you're fucking sorry this happened to me! You can’t even apologized for not even coming to look for me! “

Will turned his fury toward Hannibal. He spit and hissed.Will wants to physically claw the man’s eyes and rip his heart out. Hannibal took a breath or released one, Will was not sure.

“I want to explain. I want to apologize. I looked for you as soon as we were out of custody but... without the bond... it was more difficult to get my bearing. To know where to find you. I put out feelers, contacted everyone I ever knew, put out rewards... then I felt a twinge... I felt you. I found Matthew Brown only to find he lost you in a fucking poker game!”

Hannibal growled. Will picked up another cigarette and motioned for Hannibal to light it for him. Will’s dog tags softly clink and reflected the flame from the lighter. Hannibal growled deeper, grabbing them and yanking them off Will’s neck.

“Hey! Those are mine!”

Will made a grab for them as Hannibal jerked them away. He looked them over before glancing up with a murderous look at Will.

“Does he mean that much to you?” he sneered.

“He’s my friend Hannibal.”

“You mean your alpha don’t you!”

“No! My friend! We are not bonded. We have an agreement.”

“Really what is that? You’re his whore?”

“If offering companionship and friendship for protection from being forced into slavery or bonded than yeah, I am a whore. What would you know? You're an alpha. I was used as a POKER CHIP! And it was okay... nobody said, hey, this is wrong. No one came and helped me when Matthew beat me so bad I went to the hospital for my injuries. Everyone knew what happened and who did it, yet... No one did anything to help me. Not even when I said... hey, I am bonded already and he took me away from my bond mate. You know what they told me, Hannibal? I guess your alpha didn’t care or was too weak. You are better off!”

Hannibal’s anger appeared to abate as Will ranted. He paced back forth gesturing with the cigarette as ash fell on the expensive carpet. It flared and went out in an instant. Will’s anger was not so quick to extinguish itself. He turned on Hannibal to find the alpha close, pulling him into an embrace that Will fought before surrendering to gasping sobs.

“You have no right to be angry with me!” spoken between gasps for air and muffled into Hannibal’s shirt.

Will was squeezed tighter before a choked reply shook Hannibal’s chest, “You are correct. I have no reason to be angry with you. I am hurt you thought I don’t care about you enough or love you enough to come find you.”

“You love me?”

“Yes.”

“Is that why you threw a bag over my head, drugged me, and kidnapped me?”

“I wanted to get your attention.”

Will chuckled. “Well, that’s one way. Seriously... why?”

“Your friend,” Hannibal sighed then growled, “Is wanted by some very bad people and a few governments. They are closing in on him. I was afraid what would happen to you if you were

caught in the crosshairs again."

Will felt a soft kiss to his forehead. They stood there a few more moments before exhaustion overtook Will, Hannibal scooped him up and carried him to the bed. They laid curled together in silence for a while.

"I don't want to wear one of those ridiculous collars again."

"How about a thin one?"

"Maybe. I like the jewelry. Dog tags, ring, necklace, bracelet…" Will shrugged. "Nothing ostentatious or gaudy."

"Fine. I just like everyone to see and know we are committed to one another."

"Everyone can smell it Hannibal. Even if they can't, they can see a claiming mark. Those collars are uncomfortable as hell."

Hannibal's knuckles stroked Will's cheek. He smiled, filled with adoration.

"I didn't think you would return with me."

"Oh don't think it's going to be easy. I have a whole list. This shit is going to change or I am gone."

Hannibal closed his eyes

"I agree to all your terms."

Will smiled leaning in to brush his lips with Hannibal's. The alpha pulled the omega closer for a more passionate kiss. Their limbs entwined as their tongues explored each other's mouth. When they pulled back, Will pressed their foreheads together as they panted and smiled.

"Now Hannibal. I am exhausted. Get the fuck out my bed. I am going to sleep."

Hannibal drew back looking at Will.

"Are you serious?"

"Very. Your reconciliation and penitence has now started. Please close the door on your way out."

Will smirked at Hannibal's shocked expression before it morphed into amusement.

"Your wish is my command, my love."

"Just remember that now."

Hannibal placed a light kiss on Will's lips before getting off the bed closing the door quietly behind him.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry, there was no makeup smut but when kiddies are home from the summer.I can't write cause...damn it they learned how to read and they have a beacon as soon as I sit down to write anything they are there looking over my shoulder.

There is no plans for a follow up story...maybe in one shot further down the road.

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